

WAR CRY



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BRIGADIER JACOBS.

OUR "WHITE HOUSE."

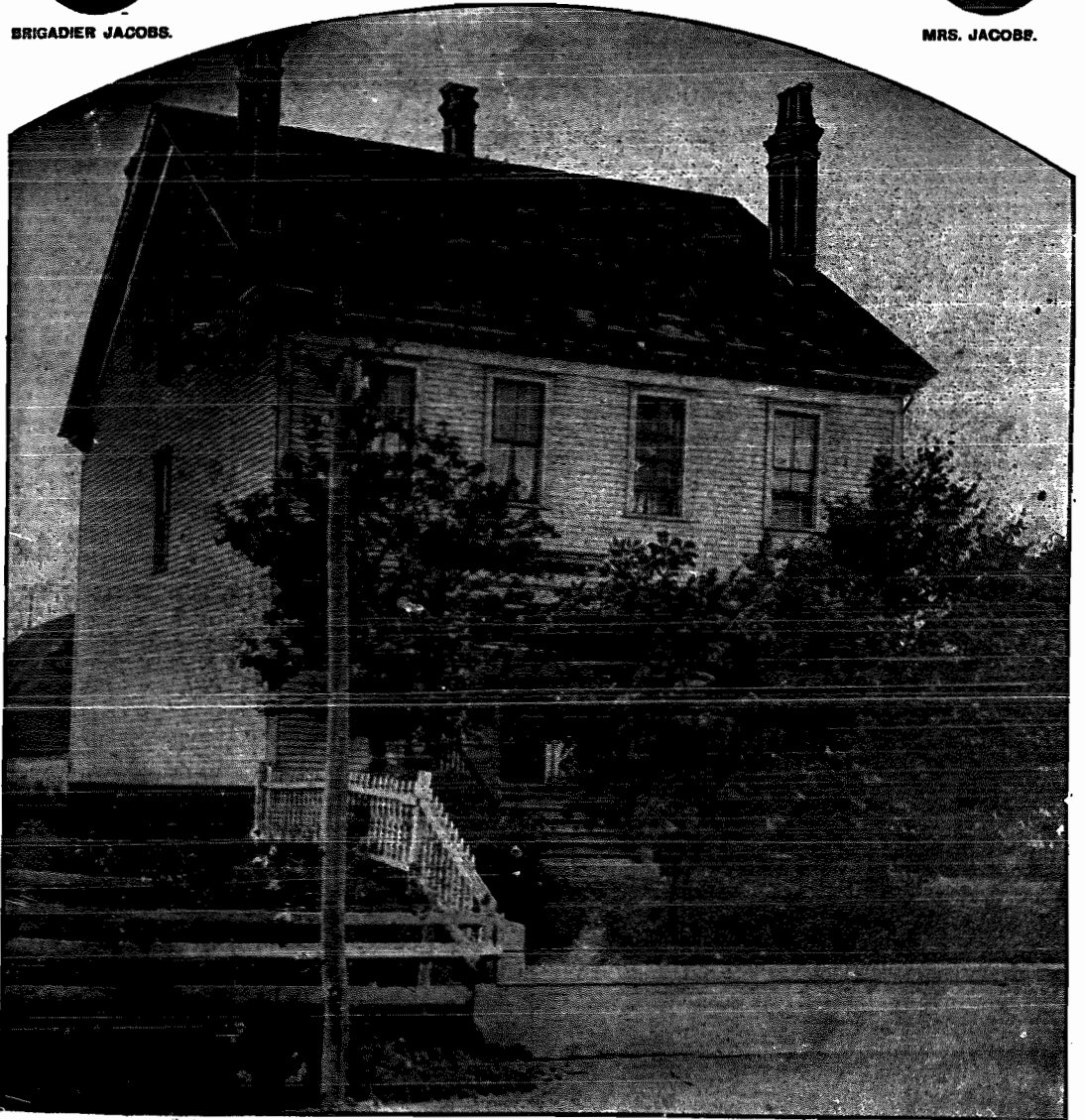
Centre of the Maritime Warfare.

Convenient and Commodious Headquarters for the Eastern Province—
Jubilee Scheme No. 32 Realized.

(See page 2.)



MRS. JACOBS.



OUR WHITE HOUSE.

Centre of Operations for the War
in the East.

A GENUINE SNAP!

Another Triumph in Canada's
Fifty Jubilee Advances.

Now a word or two about Scheme No. 32. This is, as perhaps some of our readers may remember, the purchase of a Provincial Headquarters, at St. John, N. B., and best of all, this is not only a scheme, but a tangible reality.

The house is a large one, and typical of the genuine Salvationist, as it is veritably

Set Upon a Hill.

The front windows command a capital view of the city itself, with Carleton and Fairville in the distance; then from the windows at the side and back one has a glorious glimpse of the salt water, indeed, the garden runs down almost to its edge, so one has the advantage of city and country life blended in one.

And now about the house itself. Scenery is very lovely, but to anyone of Brigadier Jacob's intensely practical turn of mind, this alone wouldn't have much weight in the selection of a Headquarters.

One of the first things to be considered was economy—to get the most comfortable abode at the smallest possible cost; and this certainly has been accomplished, for the house was purchased at a very low figure.

As you come in you are apt to turn by instinct to the door at the left of the hall, and find yourself at once in the midst of

A Rush of Business.

There sits Staff-Capt. Howell, immersed in letters, candidate's forms, etc., etc.; Capt. Creighton, the musical scribe, humming an air as he holds that proverbially mighty weapon, the pen; and the Provincial Secretary flying in and out, doing three or four times the work of an ordinary mortal.

Follow him across the hall and you find yourself in his private sanctum, a small room with a very big desk, a book case, and but little furniture besides, but I mustn't forget that we have in the room we have just left, a

Thriving Trade Depot,

where innumerable bonnets, caps, garters, blouses, waterproofs, and heaps of other things are stowed away into an amazingly small space.

On the floor with the offices are Staff-Captain and Mrs. Howell's room, with a



In the Private Sanctum of Brigadier Jacob, "with the D.O.'s Statistical Book."

kitchen, pantries, and dining-room down stairs in the basement.

Upstairs you will be greeted by Mrs. Jacobs, and of course will feel at home at once. She will do the honors in genuine Scotch fashion, and will be delighted to escort you over the remainder of the house, and give you a cup of tea to boot.

The rooms are large and airy. The Provincial Secretary looks a little doubtful because they are so big, but then, as he explains, he bought the place

So Very Cheap.

The furniture is plain, as all Salvationist furniture ought to be—for extravagance is a sin almost unknown in this model household.

Up another flight of stairs and you come to the nursery, a trunk room, and a couple of bed-rooms.

Altogether I think we can safely congratulate the Brigadier on his choice of a house, and rejoice with him that the Army has been able to secure it.

EMERSON GALT.

Strampton.—A weary wanderer returned after a desperate struggle.—Capt. TERRY.

Vernon, B. C.—Farewell! Welcome! Tears, and choked voices, and good-byes, and shouts of "God bless you," the team taken away from our midst one who has toiled bravely for three years up and down the Rocky Mountains in search of precious diamonds for the King of kings, who has now gone to enjoy the sunny breezes of the Prairie. We have welcomed two staunch women-warriors—Capt. Stephens and Lieutenant (!) All smiles. Welcome meetings; beautiful, nice crowds; good collections; beautiful attention.—THUNDERBOLTS.

HOW THEY DIE.

HIS ARMOR DOFFED.

BROTHERS—After being away to council, and having the chance of a morning out, beamed General, we returned with fresh strength for the fight.

The first news that awaited us was that BROTHER SAMUEL COLE, who has been a soldier for some years, had at last laid aside the armor and gone to receive the crown. For nine months he had been suffering. We often visited him, but never heard him complain. When asked if he was ready, he could always answer promptly and say that he was "just waiting for the summons."

We often heard him thank God that he had no property or riches to set his affections upon, but we believe he is now rich in heaven. One who to fight for God and bring others to His feet.

CAPT. BURTON.

A WINNIPEG BAND BOY IN HEAVEN.

DAVID CLARK came to Winnipeg from England about a year and a half ago. He was first noticed at the barracks a little over a year ago, and was spoken to by the Captain.

He was then a backslider. A few nights later, he was brought to the penitentiary by our present bandmaster. In due time, he began to blow one of the horns, and was a conscientious bandman. He was a model bandman and soldier, always at his post when possible, the first to fire away at the open-air; always so deeply in earnest. His eyes used to flash fire as he plucked and warned the slinger to flee to Jesus for safety. Everybody believed in him.

He died in the Winnipeg General Hospital of typhoid fever.

We gave him a proper blood-and-fire funeral. The band turned out and marched to the grave, a distance of about four miles. The music was very solemn, and many were led to think and see the reality of death, and the reality of his being gone to meet God.

The funeral service was conducted by Mrs. Read, who also led the memorial service the following Sunday. A number of soldiers, who were most intimately acquainted with him, testified to his godly life, his beautiful, happy life and character. Finally he had reached all within his reach to get ready to meet God and be ready for death, and no doubt there will be some at the judgment bar who will be led to say that it was through Bandmaster Clark's efforts they were prepared to enter heaven, and also, there may be some who will have to say that they were warned by him, but neglected to prepare.

May God bless his bereaved friends in the Old Land.

F. D. S.

"When the roll is called in Heaven,
I will answer to my name."

LETHBRIDGE.—Death has visited our ranks again. This time our faithful comrade, ROBERT DUBBART, was called to answer to his name, Sept. 26th.

Our comrade was a native of Suffolk, England, and had reached the ripe age of seventy-six years.

Some four years ago, our brother gave his self fully to God in the Army, and has since been a faithful soldier, till God said, "It is enough, come up higher." "Thou shalt be raised, because thy soul will be as my's." How true in the Lethbridge Herald's words, not only because there is a reward, but because there is the absence of the hellish joke and means that brought him to the service an inspiration, felt by all, that he was a man of God.

It was my privilege to visit our brother many times during his illness, and my soul has been blessed in so doing, and prayed together. He assured me his faith was strong in the eternal God, and His Son Jesus Christ, while his hope penetrated beyond the cloud, and his love encompassed all.

His influence was not confined to the Army, it extended throughout the community. His presence was felt wherever he went.

His life was a perpetual sermon on the subjects of industry, honesty, Sabbath-keeping, fidelity to a pure, plain, Protestant faith. He gave liberally to the needy and to the Army, and has often cheered the sick and sorrowing. Such things as these build up a noble character.

The funeral service was conducted by Ensign Fraser, assisted by the writer. A large number of sympathizing friends followed it to Fair View Cemetery.

The memorial service was conducted by Ensign Fraser. CAPT. BURTON.

B. C. Nuggets.—British Columbia abounds in mineral wealth. From these mountains, plains, rivers, and valleys comes the source of revenues which it is said, in time, will place this Province on the Continent as a production and industry. Every day we find nuggets of gold being taken from the bowels of the earth, helping out trade and commerce. But what about these jewels, these nuggets that have been discovered by the Salvation Army, found lying buried in the depths of sin and degradation, untaught and uncared for, till on the street corner they listened to the story of salvation? Today they are shining out like the dew-drops in reflection of the morning sun—jewels that earth cannot produce, shining and reflecting the light, the glory of the Father in Heaven. One of these nuggets is of an unusual value this world.

The war is advancing. The advance is forcing the enemy. At Victoria camp on Sunday, eight souls came boldly out and sought forgiveness. God is doing it every night.

Capt. Patton, of Nanaimo corps, has been fighting for weeks with a very weak body, and with a sore, worn out throat. Having no other officer to assist him in this important corps, your special correspondent, A. Bell, volunteered to help him, so the last few days he has been doing the work of two men. He is holding them clear of the balance of debt in this barracks. The soldiers have noted that with one grand rally and charge on it, debt devil to drive him right square out of this building and stand free from this barracks.

What a moving, Capt. Ockelt, who has been in charge of this corps since the farewell of Ensign Kennie, is now very ill. Will all the comrades pray for him? His fight has been a pucky one in Vancouver, many souls have been converted. He was called in by Capt. Miller.

Capt. Smith, of New Westminster, has received reinforcements by way of Lt. Davidson, from Winnipeg Garrison. New Westminster is a lively little corps, full of Army spirit and go. The new boys are good service in playing over some tough hills. Capt. Smith expended a few days' rest, held the promise of it, when, he and I held, a wire came to hand. "Farewell!" Cannot help it, Captain; it's all in the war.

Vernon is also changing officers. What about Harvest Festival? Well, we shall have ahead of last year's. Our fight was somewhat dramatic by the local depression on the Coast in business all through the year. This made us double our efforts to win. The result was gratifying: Vernon, \$440; Vancouver, \$234; New Westminster, \$157; Nanaimo, \$80; Vernon, \$200, \$920, against the \$800 total of last year's effort.—Advt. AMERICAN.

P.S.—I met a doctor on his way to the University school in which he was in charge of this afternoon. He had his leave card carefully folded, but over them all he had a Wan Chy. His lesson to the students this afternoon was taken from the oldest lesson on the first page of the Chy. Said: "This is one of the best lessons for the children I ever saw."

Prince Albert.—Having been only ten months at Moore Jaw it seemed hard to leave, but when Lieutenant Davidson and I received farewell orders we collected our brass. We had the joy of seeing a few comrades. Lieutenant goes to Calgary, I to Prince Albert. On arriving here the soldiers met at the station, giving us a right royal welcome. Corps in a good condition. Capt. Coleman.



"Examining the Rent Roll."

THE GENERAL IN CANADA!

CONTINUATION OF

His Brilliant and Triumphant Campaign.

HEARTIER RECEPTIONS COULD NOT BE GIVEN TO A ROYAL PRINCE.

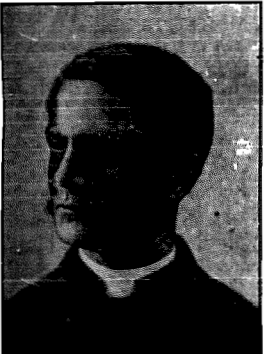
"Surrendered at Discretion."
"Just Like His Pictures."
"Her Life a Benediction."

BY THE INTERNATIONAL "WAR CRY"
CORRESPONDENT.

A Staggering Salute.

True, every syllable (so please don't sue Editor).

Why, we were whisked from the cars, bundled into vehicles, and rattled off in no time on our arrival at Truro. Your correspondent, losing sight of the General, found himself the captive of a fine specimen of humanity, Brother Cummins, who annually visits London and our Army meetings while there. Another whisk, and we are back at the Presbyterian church of the



REV. GEGGIE, Truro.

"I have not sustained a broken head, but I broke my stick in demolishing the Army bases on Edinboro' High Street."—Rev. Geggie.

Rev. A. L. Geggie, whose guest the General had become. Mr. Geggie is no ordinary mortal; so well had he managed things that the General at once dubbed him

The General's General.

He had invited Christian workers and friends of all denominations to partake of a friendly tea-meal, and when the General appeared the school room, where the well-set tables were arranged, organ and choir struck up.

"Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love."

This kindly greeting so delicately expressed, bonded us at once, and heavenly harmony of feeling prevailed. The General's "General" told us that he had known the Army almost from the start, and though he had never got a broken head in its defence, he had sustained a broken stick while fighting on behalf of its cause on the High Street of Edinburgh.

(The Commandant.—"I'd like to see the stick.")

They had largely represented in that room the religious forces of their town, along with a gentleman who represented the town itself, and though they were not going to have any formal meetings or addresses—those the S. A. did not believe in—he would give them a chance of speaking for themselves.

His Worship, Mayor Turner, said those of them who were living in Truro had this idea of what the officers and soldiers of the Salvation Army had so tend with,

or the patience, perseverance, and endurance needed, when they attacked the haunts of evil in such places as New York, London, and Chicago. It was an organization that picked a man up, put him on his feet, and supported him till he was

Able to Elbow his Fellows Again.

(Hear, hear.) Looked at from a social, civic, or moral standpoint, the S. A. represented enough to call forth their approval and best wishes, but the General and his people said, "No, this is not all, though all these are included, for if you Christians a man you have got all the rest." (Applause.)

As voicing the feelings of his fellows in the ministry, the Rev. John Wood, President of the Ministerial Association, said this would be an occasion to be long remembered, and they would all feel henceforth a deeper interest in the work in which the General and his Army were engaged. But the speaker also represented another relation, namely, that of Chairman of the Congregational Union of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, and in this connection also he expressed loving sympathy with our work. None of them could forget that there had been associated with the General and his life work the saintly and serene Catherine Booth, and that she threw her soul into the movement. Their names would always be associated together, and when they thought of the one they would think of the other. "We are aiming," said Mr. Wood, "at the same blessed result, and bringing in the Kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ, and its establishment throughout the whole world. Therefore we cannot but feel a great interest in everything that tends to promote the Kingdom. We are organized into different divisions and Army corps, so to speak; we wear different facings, but we have the same object in view. We recognize with great pleasure the noble aim you have set before you, and the singleness of purpose with which you and your people are striving after that end. Indeed it seems to me, as the Mayor has said to-night, that if the S. A. has done nothing more than labor for the social and moral well-being of the people, it deserves well at the hands of the Christian world. But it has done more than that, and so we all, all honor to the men and women who have gone down, as Caray said—while Christian people held aloof—into the horrible pit of misery and clay to our fallen humanity." (Applause.)

Captain J. Seckling, on behalf of the Young Men's Christian Association, extended their welcome to "a man." (Hear, hear.) The rest of the world to-day was, he thought, not men, but

More Men.

He hailed General Booth and his officers in the sense that they had had the courage to go down to the haunts of evil in our large cities with the light of the Gospel.

Mr. Geggie mentioned that there were also present representatives of the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor, the Baptist Young People's Union, the Women's Christian Temperance Union, and an Independent Mission, carried on in the town, but without any further speaking, he would ask General Booth to address them.

The brevity and point of the General's reply will be gathered from the following, which is the substance of his address:

"I have tried, as a man, as a humble unworthy man, to follow my Master. I early learned, perhaps at the beginning of my religious career, that Christianity consisted not only in the realization of Jesus Christ, the possession of the witnessing spirit as to my own conversion

and adoption and security, but in the literal following in the spirit, and largely in the letter, of my Saviour. As He left heaven and came down to earth, and went to the lowest, the poorest, the most ignorant, took them in His arms, died for them, and poured out His Spirit upon them, so in my sphere in His strength, and for His glory, I must go down to the poor and the suffering, and the sinful, and try and force them by argument, persuasion and love, to accept the benefits of His salvation. That was to me Christianity. I have known no lower standard; and I don't think my standard is any higher to-night than it was when I was a lad of sixteen.

"It is to the actual following of Jesus Christ to the utmost of my ability for the salvation of men, from that day to this, that I attribute my position—a position which it would be dishonestly not to admit is one that perhaps is to be desired, to be proud of, if you will allow me the term, that is, the standing I occupy in the eyes of men by argument, persuasion and love, and Christian men throughout the world, and that my name is mentioned, not only with interest and honor in the Assemblies of men, but with affection at the Throne of Grace wherever the Christian religion is known, and with affection also in many places where it is not. (Hear, hear.)

"My friend, Captain Seckling, said he hailed me as a man. Well, we are all men, except the women, and they are better than the men. (Laughter.) Your circumstances are different to mine; your surroundings are different; but we have all our work to do. I have the notion that God Almighty has a plan of life for every one of us, and that our highest duty is to fill that plan up. At the same time the plan is only part of a general plan. Take the Salvation Army. If it had done nothing more, it is a stimulus and an encouragement to every man and woman who wants to do anything for Jesus Christ and for His race. (Applause.) Look at me. I have nothing extraordinary about me. Perhaps the most extraordinary thing about me is that I am rather fond of work, and I like to make other people work when I get the opportunity. (Laughter.) When I started I was a boy, comparatively in unfavorable circumstances for Christianity, but I got a clear idea of what salvation was, and now here I am, General Booth, with all these battalions, and these 12,000 officers, standing in a position that no man, at least, no Protestant man, has ever stood in. You can say it is contrary to the political notions of Nova Scotia (laughter), but it is a fact, and I would not have it otherwise, and my people think so, too. (Applause.)

This position and these beautiful words, flowing into my ears wherever I turn—whence come they? From the conviction that I am a cosmopolitan, a lover of mankind, who tries to stand alongside the throne of God and love them, as Jesus Christ loved them, I have stuck to those views that are more or less despised and cast out amongst men, unshrinkingly saying, "You are a sinner, and you will be damned if you do not repent. Jesus Christ shed His blood for you; you can have His forgiveness; in your heart you can have peace flowing like a river; you can become a Christian whether you are a clergyman or a clergyman's butler, and go forth and fight for God and the salvation of the world. (Applause.) The responsibility of doing your work in your family, in your neighborhood lies on your shoulders, and these views I commend to your consideration to-night." (Applause.)

The astonishing gathering was closed with another "benediction" prayer, "God be with you till we meet again," and then the General's "General" set his call-bell tolling to announce the great meeting in the large church upstairs.

There was a splendid attendance, and the Mayor performed the duties of chairman. Major Fry came out as a soloist, which only goes to prove that his musical

abilities "have no end," and we settled down in excellent fettle for the event of the visit. With the rebuke of a soul aflame for the good of humanity, the General held the attention of the congregation. "Now, Chairman," he exclaimed as he dilated on the awful condition of the submerged masses, "we don't get close enough to these things; or I suppose that you who live in these paradisaical neighborhoods feel that these things do not concern you." And again, and with moving pathos, "Oh, if I could lay my head upon my pillow before I die and know that there was nobody in that great London yonder—no criminal, no harlot, no hunger-stricken mortal—who wanted help but could have it." Then passionately, "Look here, my comrades and fellow-workers in the vineyard of the Lord, these people can be saved! You will be more successful with them than with the children who have been cradled in every luxury, and who know nothing about poverty and misery. Oh, come along everybody and go after them."

"Somebody was saying on board the steamer that life was hardly worth living—hardly worth the buttoning and unbuttoning in dressing and undressing. I agree," said the General. "If life is spent in self-gratification." Could we not all start afresh, especially the young people, asking not, "How much will the salary be?" or "Will it be pleasant?" but having the spirit, the character, the purpose, and the life of Jesus. If this were done, we should soon fill these beautiful valleys and hillside with the songs of salvation.



In a Gorgeous Garden.

"Your train starts at 5:10 a.m., standard (or Toronto) time, or 6:10 local (Truro) time." The questioning and cross-questioning, the turning of watch hands backwards and forwards over information of this kind, sprung upon us by Brigadier Jacobs, was very funny, so much so that everybody from the Old Country first grew excited and then bewildered, and finally resigned to "fate." The Brigadier in this case.

So Friday morning, we were roused up before daylight, and were on tick tickets for Yarmouth. Now, a succession of travelling of long days and short nights are not in favor of physical freshness at so early an hour. But presently—just when or where I know not—we entered the lovely garden of Nova Scotia—the Annapolis Valley, before whose beauty weariness itself does its best to borrow wings. It is a region of fruit and fertility, such as had hitherto figured only in fairy fancies. Orchards without number. The trees bowed with rosy and golden fruit. Farms looking peaceful and prosperous; lakelets deliciously bordered with richly-geared forestry; and north and south, the low summits of the mountain ranges that are the foster parents of this sweet valley. The unfolding glories of the journey well repaid us for any inconvenience the slow travelling involved. Presently we ran through the streets of Windsor—a proceeding very strange to a stranger, but causing no surprise to the inhabitants of the "rural" little town. A fine iron bridge enabled us to cross the Avon, and towards mid-day, we drew up for ten minutes at Kentville. Outside the large station buildings, the local corps had gathered, and eagerly hailed the appearance of their General as he left the car and took his stand on the slightly-raised platform bordering the goods shed.

Everybody knows how much the General loves the open-air, and in this grand theatre

dral an added charm attaches to his speech. The clear blue of the Canadian dome may have something to do with this. The exhilarating address he now gave will serve as a specimen of these wayside enthusiasms: "I am very glad to see you coming here to wish me God-speed and give me your blessing. It is always good to see you people in their lovely uniforms—(Come to the front, mine, you are a good sample of a Salvationist)—showing their colors to the world, and protesting against the rule and reign of the devil, determined to do what you can by your holy lives, example, and testimony—testifying continually, as you ought to be able to do, and I hope you are doing, to the power of Jesus Christ upon earth to forgive sins. Also to the possession of the power of the Divine Spirit to enable you to master the natural and acquired evil tendencies of your being—mastering yourselves, keeping yourselves the master of the world, living above, outside its fashions, forms, and pleasures, and devoting yourselves, body, soul, circumstances, family, all you have, to promoting the interests of Jesus Christ upon the earth, and to the great fight with misery, sin, and devil."

"Now, this is what you ought to be ever saying to the world, this is what God has done for us, this is the way of happiness. Everybody goes about seeking happiness. The search begins in babyhood. A little child only knows this mastering passion—how it can be happy. If you place two apples on the table it wants them both, and grows up with the same strong desire. Thousands and tens of thousands in this Dominion, and in every land, spend their whole life in searching after happiness, and drop into eternity and never find it; but you found the way of happiness; you have discovered it at the Cross. You found that to be happy you must have the forgiveness of sins, that a man cannot be happy while he is at war with God. 'Let the potsherds of the earth,' says the prophet, 'survive with the potsherds of the earth, but let not a man strive with his Maker.'"

"You have also found the way of happiness inasmuch as the Holy Ghost has come into your soul and made you at peace with God."

Laying the rough paths of perished nature even, And making in your breast a little heaven."

Again, when the Spirit of God comes into a man, it assures him that he is all right in his future. He cannot be at peace when he is uncertain what is going to become of him in eternity.

"God has done this for you, you who are Salvationists, and you who are not, if you are Salvationists inside. And if you are properly saved, you are doing all you can to save the bodies and souls of all your fellow-men. You are the servant of all for Jesus Christ's sake. That is the religion of the Bible, that Jesus Christ taught, and preached, and of every man and woman who really is an imitator of and a follower of Him."

"Some of you have not got this blessed realization. In it not well this morning to listen, consider and look up the words of a stranger who has just come out of the train for a few moments only? I am sorry that I have not got longer time, that I might pray with you. I long to see people come to Jesus' feet. Oh, what a lot of people promise, when they think they are going to die, or when some friend beseeches them to meet him in heaven, to seek and to serve God. Begin now to live noble life and die a happy death—can anything be better? To have peace that the judgment, that eternally, cannot destroy, and that is going to grow better and better as the centuries sweep roll away. What more do we want? God bless you all. Amen."

The cars had been kept waiting a few minutes beyond their usual time, so we hastened away, to gaze upon another lovely stretch of valley until Annapolis was reached. The General himself subsequently explained what happened on our arrival:

"A big powerful man made for me and dragged me off. I began to feel timid. I didn't know what had happened. He wanted to take me into the 'place there' (pointing to the dining room adjoining the station). He said he had reckoned on my coming. I said 'Let me go and do my business.' 'You can't go about the world except you eat,' he replied, and he has killed me up till I can hardly stand."

The "big, powerful man" was Mr. R. A. Carder, of the Annapolis Dining Hall, who, though he could not prevail upon the General to partake of his hospitality first, and speak to the throng waiting to welcome him afterwards, satisfied his kindly heart as long in seeing our party

enjoying a good square meal. Thanks, friend Carder. God bless you.

Meantime the General, who was heartily greeted by Mayor Gilles, led to his carriage and most kindly introduced by him, had delivered another speech, grounded on the two-fold command, which he pressed upon his auditory with undiminished energy. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thine heart, and thy neighbor as thyself." A little in front of the carriage, and suspended by means of a line stretched from one telegraph pole to another was a large motto, agreeing with the delight



expressed in the faces of the jubilant soldiers who clustered round. As the General resumed his seat two little girls with proud timidity, presented him with bouquets, which he smilingly accepted.

It was found that after the meal, of which we have spoken, there was a lot of time, so the Commandant, on the suggestion of the General, started a free-and-easy, using a primitive rig for a platform, and getting solos and testimonials out of everybody, including the local standard-bearer, who is a Salvationist of color. Under such direction it was understood that the devil had a warm time of it.

Our "Good Old Man,"

as some Canadian style him, enjoyed the whole thing. Immensely, and wound up the occasion with a closing word of powerful import.

The cars for which our train had been waiting an hour and a quarter, and which had been delayed by running of the metals, were now consigned, and we were Yarmouth between six and seven o'clock at night. This time Captain Scott, Harbor Master, bore the General off in triumph past the church whose doors were already blackened with people who were wisely early for the coming meeting. Eleven churches and the Salvation Army for the spiritual edification of its 9,000 inhabitants—surely Yarmouth ought to be good. At any rate it behaved handsomely to us. The town band volunteered their services and played "Onward Christian Soldiers," in the rear of the General's carriage with all the soul they could put into it. It was good.

Between the Baptist Church—which, being the largest, was readily loaned us—and the Court House, in a large unoccupied piece of ground, and on this a platform had been run up for the purpose of an open-air reception. An immense crowd, stretching out into the darkness, had come together, in whose hearing His Worship, Mayor Barrell, read this address:

"To General William Booth, Commandant in Chief of the Salvation Army,

"DEAR SIR,—It is with feelings of the most sincere pleasure that I find myself called upon to extend to you on behalf of the citizens of Yarmouth, on this your first visit to our town, their most hearty and cordial greeting.

"We assure you that we recognize the proud position you occupy as the founder and leader of one of the mightiest and most extensive religious movements of the age, a movement which has caused of more excitement and opposition among men, and one which has received more criticism from the people of the civilized world than perhaps most other events of past history, and the present influential position to which the Salvation Army has attained, and the wonderful success which, under Providence, has been the result of your able leadership, challenges our admiration and regard.

"We also welcome you as a philanthropist, whose earnest and able efforts on behalf of the poor and needy, have been unceasing, whose best powers of mind and body have ever been given to the development of large and comprehensive schemes whereby the condition of the downcast and fallen shall be made better, and we are glad to believe that future generations will speak the name of Booth as they speak the name of Howard and Wilberforce, as of 'one who loved his fellow-men.'"

"We remember that it is but seldom in the history of the world that a reformer lives long enough to see any great results from his teachings and efforts, yet we are

happy to know that in this regard your life is an exception. You have spent a long life of untiring energy in the service of your Master, and we trust you may have many more years in which to labor for that Master and for humanity; and while we are conscious of the burdens laid upon you, and some of the trials through which you have passed, and while we with sorrow regret that we cannot welcome with you on this occasion the one who was your best and dearest earthly companion and helper, whose life was a benediction, and whose memory is blessed, yet we would have you

realize that the world is gratefully recognizing this fact that the effects of your life and teachings are spreading far and wide over the earth, not like the deadly Yucca tree, but like the beautiful Tree of Life, 'whose fruits are for the healing of the nations.'"

"General Booth, we again bid you and your associates welcome, and we trust that your visit to Yarmouth will be productive of pleasure to you all, and will be of much benefit to the corps of the Salvation Army which is working for good in our midst, and that your journey through Canada, over this Continent, will result in promoting the great objects you have in view for the benefit of mankind."

"Signed on behalf of the citizens of the town of Yarmouth."

MAYOR.

The General's reply was a call to duty.

"I have found my heaven," he said, "in going about doing the will of my Master, and, Mr. Mayor, this heaven is open to all who are here. Don't be led away by the will-o-the-wisp. Get a purpose that will please God and benefit man. Be like Jesus Christ; bear His cross, and you shall have His crown; do His work, and you shall have His wages; be His servant, and you shall be His son."

A thousand—probably more—got inside the church, which is said to be over a hundred years old. Mr. T. Flint, M.P., presided, and remarked that General Booth occupied an extraordinary position in the world to day. He was not wealthy as the world counts riches. (Hear, hear.) He held no political position which gave him power in the government of any part of the world; he had not won victories over the armies of nations; and yet probably there was no man, were he politician, general, or merchant, of such world-wide fame to-day, or to whom so many looked up with admiration and respect.

The General intimated how deeply his soul was stirred by the sentiments to which he had listened. They made him desire to be able to meet what he might almost term the extravagant expectations formed from his poor work in the past. "But if I do not do nothing else," he went on, "I can love my fellow-men, and endeavor to live up to the hearts of Christian people and philanthropic men and women of all classes and shades of opinion, and help them to join hands with Jesus Christ in rescuing a poor, sinful world." (Applause.)

In proposing a vote of thanks for the address which followed, the Rev. Foushner (pastor) said he had listened to it with profound interest and closest attention. He read his book, and

Dropped a Tear upon Its Pages,

but reading a book was, after all, not like hearing a human voice uttering the same things. "Certainly the Lord has raised up our brother for the very purpose of carrying on this work; surely the Lord has given him vitality for years of future service. (Applause.) I think the more we consider these things, and the more we see of the character of the work the Army is doing, the more we shall be convinced that God is in their midst." (Applause.)

The Rev. Cooper (Baptist) who seconded, said in looking again into the dear old face of General Booth, he had been carried back to many happy hours which he had spent in listening to him and members of his family in the country from which he came. Especially did he recall a thrilling address which the General gave in Oxford Street, London, on "Hallowed House and Hallowed Hearts"; also when he spoke to 6,000

people in the great circus in Liverpool. "I only wish you could see him in a downright Salvation meeting," he added. Another reason of his glow on this occasion was because he beheld the man who was doing about the greatest and the most divine work that any man living could possibly be engaged in. (Applause.) "There are in this audience to-night," said Mr. Cooper, "some rich men. Now I want to ask, won't you give something towards this grand Social Scheme? I am sure the General ought to take away

A Thousand Dollars from Yarmouth.

(Laughter and applause.) May the blessing of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost rest upon the head of the veteran saint." (Enthusiastic volleys.) That night, he is recorded,

Your Special was Lodged in Jail.

What he had done to merit such distinction, he cannot fathom. But good brother Sleeth (who is in charge of the county court) took overnight of him, while his kind wife supplied him with the homeliest hospitality native to Canada. You will be glad to know that your man spent one of the most refreshing nights of his existence under this roof, and was released on Saturday morning in time to start with the General for Digby and St. John. Brother Sleeth, by the way, talks glowingly of the services which the Army and other friends conducted in the prison. He constantly receives letters from men and women who have been blessed and some converted, through this Christianlike effort.

Not only did the local paper keep up with the general interest by inserting a portrait of our leader, but published a long set of verses from the point of view of a stranger. We call a sentiment:

"And I thought, not am I—
Are there cannot and about;
Fishes who have men like this,
Know what they are about."

A Piece of Canada.

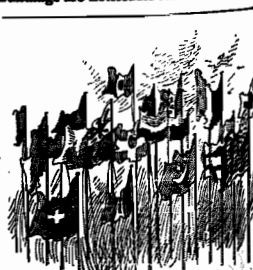
Sixty-seven miles north-west of Yarmouth is Digby, a place of some two or three thousand inhabitants, but for scenery that earned for the town the General's title of "A place of Canada." A one o'clock Saturday meeting was held in the Methodist Church led by Pastor Toole, which Mr. J. E. Jones, M.D., Mayor, chaired. The attendance was splendid, the atmosphere, the service bracing.

We had enjoyed much novel sight as crew harnessed to wagons, against yards of fish laid out to dry, and a partly dismantled Norwegian barge that had come to grief in the bay; but were not prepared for the overpoweringly lovely scene obtained from the pier of Digby Dock, through which water gets by our course to St. John. I would have "mapped" it for the benefit of our readers, but the absence of color which a photograph involves would have been fatal to the accurate presentation of one of nature's unrivalled pictures.

To the "City of Montserrat" we entrusted the duty of bearing us across the Bay of Fundy, and, as a local wit remarked us, "Fundy can be very funny." It is the narrow arm of the Atlantic, and divides Nova Scotia from New Brunswick. It is strong and rapid tides are a matter of notoriety, sometimes rising and falling fully seventy feet. Thank God, we were not given ocular demonstration of this fact, which your special was quite prepared to dispense with.

The Commerce Capital

of New Brunswick is St. John, and is credited with over 40,000 population, the putting it in the third-rate category of Canadian cities. Its fisheries and its India trade rival that of Halifax. One well-laid out streets, and handsome public buildings are noticeable features.



Flags of all Nations.

These are after-reflections, though. A local organ, the *Daily Sun*, will tell you the events of the General's entry.

"The great General of the Salvation Army" in the city. He, accompanied by his Staff, arrived by boat on Saturday evening.

The Town Surrendered at Discretion,

the hosts of darkness fled, and the Army, with General Booth at its head, is marching triumphantly through the streets with music and colors flying.

"The visit of General Booth to St. John will mark an important epoch in the history of the work here. The officers and soldiers look upon him very much as did the officers and soldiers of the grand Army of the Republic look upon Napoleon."

Staff-Captain Howard—Brigadier Jacob's "Second"—with Salvation electricity, was about the first person to bid the General welcome, and the whole arrangements for which he had been principally responsible, were subsequent proof of his capacity in this direction. Mr. Joseph Bullock and family delightedly "housed" the General, the Commandant, and his party from England—a repetition of the hospitality they had extended eight years ago to our leader, and to many of our officers since.

Leaving this friendly roof, and passing through a fine street to the Market Square, the General, and the choirs of some thousands of people, mounted a platform, and was welcomed by the Rev. Mr. Bruce "that warm welcome which he felt in his heart."

Mayor Robertson, of open countenance and manly mien, followed on.

When he was asked by a Captain of the Army whether he would speak at the reception to be tendered General Booth, he replied unhesitatingly, "Yes." However much the actions of the Army had been criticized in the past, or were open to criticism at present, the fact remained that in St. John the Salvation Army had gone down into the lowest depths of society, taken men and women by the hand, and lifted them out of the miserable position into which they had fallen, and brought back their manhood and womanhood. If for no other reason than this, he should have consented to be present, and to assist in welcoming so distinguished a person as General Booth.

General Booth should be proud of the work in St. John. Many of the members of the Army owned property in the city, many of them were tax payers, and what were probably of greater interest to the politicians, many of them were voters. His Worship said he hoped the General would have a glorious time in St. John. He felt certain there was no one who was not delighted to have him here.

The Commandant here remarked that there was not a city in the world that contained a larger proportionate number of Salvationists, or of a more blood-and-fire order than St. John.

The General, whose "eyes (says the paper before quoted) as bright as an eagle's" and when he warmed up to his subject flash fire," was hailed with cheer after cheer, gave from a full heart his thanks to all concerned, and then merged into a ringing address. The organization of the Army was recounted with fine touches of feeling and language, as for example, speaking of how he early went amongst the poor and suffering masses of mankind:

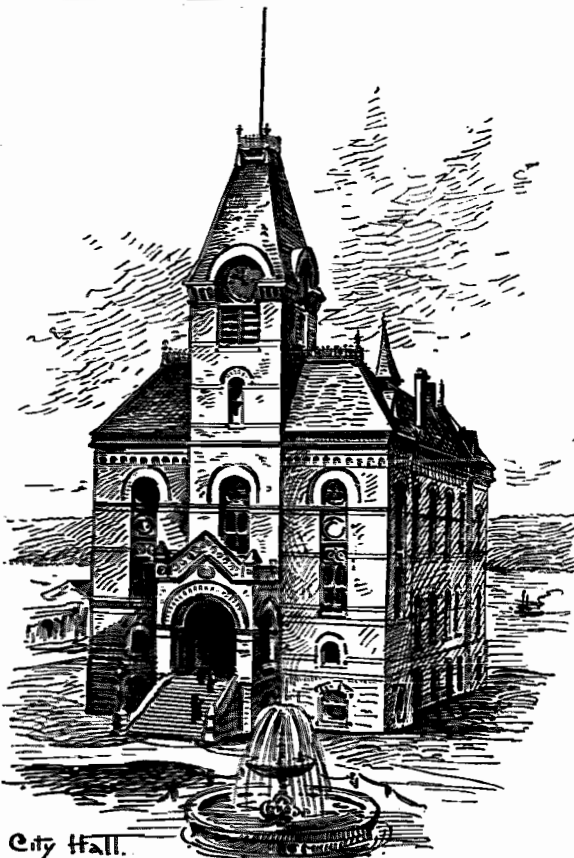
"I threw in my lot with these poor people. I said: 'These shall be my love; these shall be my wife;

I Will be Married to Poverty"

that I may save them. And I recommend my action to the young men and women here who want to know what to do with their strength, abilities, and money."

Or in half-humorous, but powerful defense of our methods:

"With regard to our methods to which you have referred, sir, and to which nearly everybody refers who comes on to our platform—except when they come into the Salvation Army—I understand, Mr. Mayor, that you would not approve of some of our methods. I do not know with what body you are identified; but, sir, I like the ring of your speech. You are not a Salvationist, but it strikes me when you do become one, you will make a most splendid open-air speaker, and when you get your military cap on, you will be able to talk without any fear of taking a cold in your head. (Hearty laughter.) Now do I know to what denomination Mr. Bruce belongs; but I wish to say to them that they have many methods about their organizations that I do not approve of. But



City Hall.
Fredericton.

we are not always telling them so. (Laughter and applause.)

"Mr. Mayor, you struck one point that was very true. We do not come to St. John to rub the cherries.

The Salvation Army is not built up on selfishness.

I never go about sheep-stealing—well, only now and then if it's a good one (laughter) but, sir, have we not paid them back a hundred fold?" (Applause.)

A loving appeal, as always, was the prerogative to an address that had hushed to thoughtfulness the great crowd. "My brother, my sister, will you to-night in this throng consider the words of a stranger? I give you my word on my fifty years' experience, God wants you, and God will use you, and bring out of you an equal harvest of fruitfulness and blessing."

A Surprising Sunday.

Risks resemble risks. That must suffice for my description of our indoor hired temple for three meetings on Sunday, and one "Darkest England" gathering on Monday night. In this case, the structure, with an accommodation for between three and four thousand people, was seated lengthwise, with the platform on the right hand, and lighted with eight or ten electric lamps, flags, mottoes, and curtains were effectively utilized.

The first meeting of the day was an all-round, good, victory-claiming knee-drill, which was led by the Commandant. The second—well, I interviewed no less an authority than Colonel Lawley upon that, and this is what he said:

"It is in every sense surpassed any holiness meeting for numbers, influence, and results, since we stepped into the Dominion. The General's address was inspiring, divine! Pressing for consecration, he said, 'If only the people of God properly consecrated themselves to Him, they could rise up, take the reins of the empire, and

Drive the World to Jesus.'

"Talking about the settled-down state of affairs so sadly common, he lifted his

arms and cried, 'Oh, for a cyclone to burst things up! Lord, send us a hallelujah hurricane this morning.'

"And I guess this hallelujah hurricane came."

"Is it, there is no doubt about that. It was a time of liberty. People's countenances were lit loose; they smiled, cried, and gave expression to their feelings by 'Hallelujahs' and clapping of hands. Nine of them came out."

Afternoon and night was also of the cyclone character. 2,500 people attended the former. To these the General extended long arms of loving invitation to come to the "utmost" Saviour. "If anybody here feels that they have sinned, that they have gone too far, there is hope for you. If anybody here is tempted to despair, and says, 'I have tried to be good and to serve God, but it is no use, I say it is no use, my brother. You have never made up your mind to go to hell! Then come!

"You perhaps say, 'It is all very well for General Booth; if I were circumstanced as you are I'd be as religious as you, perhaps more so.'

"Hold hard! I don't know. Few, I often say, have had a road more thorny and prickly than mine; I have felt again and again as though I were being submerged and going down and could not bear it; but God has always brought me through. (Volley.)

"I want to see some of you people come to the penitent-form and get the same glorious victorious salvation.

"Sometimes (looking towards the Press table) reporters say to me, 'We cannot serve God; you don't know how we are fixed.' I say, 'Yes you can; turn your newspapers into "War Cry." (Laughter and volley.)

More than three thousand pressed in at night, many of whom belonged to the various religious bodies of the town. The General got to work after very brief preliminaries. It was like the last night of one of our "Two Days with God."

A Divine Hammering at Heart-Doors.

"If you have not settled your accounts with the Almighty, oh, make haste and do

it to-night. This is the message that God has sent me to St. John to deliver, that the wicked must be destroyed, but if they will accept the blessed salvation Christ has provided, they shall have deliverance.

"Give me a little time."

"No. To-night is the only time a man has in which to act. If you were standing on the window-sill of a burning building, and the stairs had all been burnt away, and the flames were already lapping your body, and if they brought a blanket and spread it out below, and cried, 'Leap, leap! what have you got to do! Consider! No; leap, leap! That is what you have got to do to-night. Here is Jesus—a no blanket business, but the everlasting arms. What can you do but shut your eyes and leap.' (Volleyed amen.)

Then turning in power on the back-sitters:

"I am not angry with you; no, no! But I want you to return, and He will take you in and bless you, and love you as if you had never left Him."

That soul-drawing old chorus,

"His blood can make the vilest clean,"

following on, two or three sacred, silent moments of prayer, and two men leaped right into Love's arms; next, a woman. Ere long Colonel Lawley was announcing No. 6, 7, 8. Now a soldier for a clean heart; then a woman leaning on the General's arm, for our leader was now making a personal attack upon those who had listened to him. The Commandant appealed, Colonel Lawley entreated, Brigadier Jacobs commanded, and Staff-Captain Malan asked, "Why don't you come to Jesus, what you will be a happy fellow, I tell you." All the platform was crowded with praying officers and kneeling soldiers. All who were weary, and wished to retire, were invited by the Commandant to do so, but they replied with a unanimous shout that they would fight on. And fight on they did till more yielded, and the victory became greater and grander.

The St. John Final

drew together an immense audience, though Monday night set in wet. The papers estimate the attendance at 3,500. Besides the President for the evening, the Hon. A. G. Blair, Premier and Attorney General, and a number of prominent citizens, nine clergymen and ministers were also on the platform.

"I term it," said the Premier, "a very great honor to introduce a gentleman who is not only known as a very great Englishman and philanthropist, but known worldwide as a great and good man—perhaps one of the greatest, if not the greatest, personality which the generation has produced." (Applause.)

Having paid a high tribute to the General's personal character the speaker gave place to him.

In a magnificent address, the General seemed to entirely carry his audience with him. The faces of the gentlemen on the platform—especially the ministerial section—were a study. One of these latter, especially we noticed, laughing uncontrollably at one time and crying at another. Nor were some practical dollar-bill expressions of sympathy lacking when the General had set down.



In Mr. A. A. Stockton's opinion, the speech was not long enough, but for all that, he cordially moved a vote of thanks. The Rev. Mr. Pops as heartily seconded, remarking, "With an impassioned eloquence, born in heaven itself, my soul has been made to glow, and my heart intensity, unutterably to feel."

"I have greatly enjoyed my visit to St. John," were the General's closing words. "I have felt quite at home, from the splendid introduction in the Square up to the present moment. I have seemed to be among my own people. I have pleasure. You are my people; you belong to me, and I belong to you." (Renewed cheering.)

(Continued on page 8)



WE ARE FOR PEACE.

"Thy Kingdom come," has been the divinely given petition of the Christian church ever since the divine Man Himself lived, loved, and labored amongst and for mankind; and when that petition receives its full answer here, "the nations" shall beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning-hooks. . . . neither shall they learn war any more."—Isa. ii. 4. To present this petition (I. Tim. ii. 1, 2) at the Throne of Him Who taught us so to pray is more urgently necessary at the present time, inasmuch as we witness the sad spectacle of two great nations warring with and killing off each other by the use of weapons of destruction designed by and in most instances purchased from nations that are called "Christian." If our redeemed fellow-men, the Chinese, judge us from what they have seen of British prowess in the Chinese war, from the effects of the opium we forced upon them, like Mahomet did his religion, at the point of the sword, and from the spectacle of our gunboats located in Chinese waters, they will surely conclude that this Christ, after whom these Christians are named, is the very opposite to what we know hereof. Nowonder, in the bitterness of their resentment, they say to the Christian teacher, "Get back, don't preach your Jesus doctrine here."

Lord, let "Thy Kingdom come."—Matt. vi. 10. "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God."—Matt. v. 9.

OUR FRIDAY NIGHTS.

The news that the Commandant and Mrs. Booth intend to re-commence the famous Friday night meetings will be hailed with delight by our warm-hearted Toronto comrades. The Commandant, who has been in close association with the General during his marvellous campaign East, may be expected to be in first-class form for the meetings here. We cordially invite every soldier and friend to come along and ask for the prayers of all interested in the spread of Scriptural holiness.

The Toronto united Friday night meetings will be resumed under the direction of the Commandant and Mrs. Booth. The blessed season's experiences at these meetings in the early part of the year are not yet forgotten.

THE WAR CRY.

It is encouraging to find that the CRY, in its new shape, nicely cut and stitched, is so acceptable to our readers. We will endeavor in the future, as in the past, to sustain the interest created, and to build up the cause we all have so much at heart.

NO OUTSIDE ADVERTISEMENTS.

Our Editorial co-worker, with a somewhat significant smile, handed us a letter recently. It was a request for the price of space for an advertisement in the WAR CRY!

The General, years ago, was offered an immense sum for a similar purpose, but he has never altered his first decision to run the WAR CRY purely in the interests of God and His salvation. As our New York contemporary aptly remarks:—

"A principle cannot be changed—it must either be abided by or thrown to the winds, and when the General decided that he could not preach salvation, and holiness, and recommend quick remedies, and other commodities

he knew nothing of, and cared less for, in the same sheet, he struck a root principle that has remained as unshakable as the laws of the ancient Moses and Parnassus."

Anent our present-style WAR CRY, it is pleasant to note the following:—

"The reprinted Canadian CRY is a pleasure to eye and heart. Twelve pages cut and trimmed. A superb S. A. picture gallery, as far as illustrations go."

"The latest Toronto WAR CRY to hand is doubly interesting. Firstly, because it contains the first notices of the results of the General's meetings."

"Secondly, it is very interesting because it has experienced a change in its make-up. It now has only twelve pages, but these twelve are so profusely illustrated as to more than make up the difference. All in all, it is a handsomely gotten up paper."

The Canadian Statesman, of October 10th, also says:—

"We are very much pleased with the WAR CRY in its new form and make-up. The improvement is very marked, and must be much appreciated by its extensive constituency of readers. We do not address so much 'display' in a religious publication, but the Army must be unique, we suppose. We wish this excellent journal the success it merits under the able and practical management of Major Complin."

GOOD OUT OF EVIL.

Next to the desire to see the pandemonium of war cleared away, is the satisfaction, ever-present to faith, that Jehovah causes even the wrath of men to praise Him, and He will in the exercise of His infinite wisdom overrule the sad scenes of to-day for the benefit of the contending nations. It is more than probable that both countries will be opened up, by railways and other means, as never before, and the whole Army of Christ will be so drawn to China that something like an adequate attempt will be made to evangelize the vast mass of heathens, who have never heard of Jesus or seen Him manifested in the sanctified lives of His devoted followers.

"BLESSED ARE THE PEACEMAKERS."

You will have an unusually favorable opportunity to secure this blessedness in the coming

RECONCILIATION

3rd Week in December.

NEWS NOTES

— AT —

HEADQUARTERS.

THE GENERAL addressed the students of Queen's University, on Sunday, 14th.

The two men who sit fire to the Fredericton barracks, have been sentenced to twelve years each in the penitentiary. Everything is getting into good shape with respect to the proposed new building.

Major Streeton hopes to have the Harvest Festival returns complete this week. The record has been broken again. Look out for the Commandant's remarks on the whole scheme.

A good, tried, and sincere friend outside of Toronto, has recently assigned to the Salvation Army a valuable mortgage on land in Toronto, which will enhance in value, and add materially to the Army's property in this city. God bless him.

Rapid City corps, have recently secured and paid for land on which to build a barracks. Several other corps are striving hard to do the same.

The Empire, Toronto, issued last Saturday, has a page of fascinating matter, written by that charming writer, Faith Fenton. It is partly reproduced on another page.

DID YOU GET ONE? WHAT?

Why, the General's Jubilee Badge.

July 10 Coyle. So up to time, man.

BY WIRE !

Visited towns along St. Lawrence; unabated enthusiasm; greatest interest. Kingston, week-end, fifty-five penitents; Barracks, Rink; General addressed students, also four hundred prisoners, Penitentiary. Belleville yesterday; magnificent reception, fine church, overflowing universal appreciation.

F. W. FRY.

COSMOPOLITAN BULLETINS.

From New York, U.S.A.—GREAT PREPARATIONS. — Preparations on a mammoth scale are being made to afford the General a first-class welcome to the City of New York. The Hon. Chauncey M. Depew, President of the New York Central Railroad, has consented to introduce the General to the audience at Carnegie Hall on the occasion of the welcome demonstration. Rev. Dr. Josiah Strong, President of the world-wide Evangelical Alliance, will preside at the Auxiliary gathering. Rev. Dr. Brewster, a leading divine, will welcome the General on behalf of the clergy of New York.

"Starvation in Pullman," is the heading of a dodger issued broadcast in Chicago by Staff Capt. Winchell, who has set to work most energetically in alleviating the sufferings of the starving people of Pullman, Ill.

At Fall River, Mass., the cause of the suffering in the strike of the cotton mill operatives. Our officer, Capt. Lamb, with the soldiers, is doing good, specially among the children. Despatches to hand read:—

"Oct. 3.
"Fall River cotton operatives all on strike. Great suffering. More than 900 children fed to-day at the Army Barracks. Dinners continue till the strike closes. A city merchant furnishes the food, and Salvationists the labor. Praise God for the opportunity!"

"Oct. 6.
"We had 950 children for dinner yesterday, and about fifty more than 1,000 to-day. God will use this 'labor of love' of our faithful soldiers as the way to many hearts that have hitherto hated us. The faithfulness of the soldiers makes the work go on in perfect order."

The Commander visited Newark. 22 more at the penitentiary. Fourteen new soldiers made. "Victory Brigade" captures the house. A full house.

From Cape Town, South Africa.—The Hon. Cecil Rhodes, Prime Minister of Cape Colony, has undertaken, through Sir Gordon and Lady Sprigg, to furnish our new Home in Cape Town for discharged prisoners. The cost will be over \$500.

From Melbourne, Australia.—In fifty-three corps that Colonel and Mrs. Dowdle have already visited in Australia, they have held 292 indoor meetings, and have seen 2,906 seekers of salvation.

New South Wales "Social Annual," held at magnificent Centenary Hall (Headquarters Wesleyan Methodists' Forward Movement). His Excellency, Lieutenant-Governor Sir Frederick Dargie, K.C.M.G., Chief Justice of New South Wales, presided. Colonel Kilbey delivered splendid address, most enthusiastic meeting throughout, total cash raised, \$325.

To crown the whole, a young man threw himself at the feet of the sinner's Saviour, and rejoiced in sins forgiven ere he left. The grand total, at the time of writing, for the effort, reached \$235.

Alex. J. H. HARRIS, Staff Officer. The South Australian effort on behalf of the Social Wing, was a triumphant eclipse of all past South Australian Rescue Annals. The Hon. J. H. Gordon, M.L.C., Chief Secretary of the South Australian Government, presided. Colonel Kilbey had a most enthusiastic reception. £400 was raised.

From London, England.—Colonel Nicol, Editor of the English War Cry, will visit New York at the close of the General's Congress there.

Self-Denial Week in England, October 20th to 28th.

THE VERY LATEST. THE GENERAL — AT — KINGSTON.

Popular Reception — Mass Meeting — Addresses Students at Queen's — Also inmates of Kingston Penitentiary.

KINGSTON, Oct. 14.—(Special).—General Booth held possession of the city yesterday and to-day. He was greeted by a huge turnout of the Army. Two bands played. In two carriages the General and party, among whom were Commandant and Mrs. Booth, were conducted to the Market Square, where an arch of welcome had been erected. Mayor Herald, the City Council and a large number of the most prominent citizens of Kingston were assembled to greet the General, and the Mayor read him an address of welcome. General Booth spoke in reply at some length, thanking the citizens of Kingston for their courtesy, and declaring his wish that he was younger, so that he could embrace with greater effect the opportunities which he saw before him, and that he might be men fit to give reason for the confidence which had been reposed in him. The General proceeded to Queen's University, where he became the guest of Principal Grant, and where he was to address an audience of students. There was a good turnout of the students, and the General spoke at considerable length, urging them to devote to enter into the struggle to death in their lives for Christ and for the benefit of mankind," he said, as he closed a very earnest appeal. In the evening a banquet was held, at which the General addressed his followers, and this was succeeded by a Council of War of some length, which was held in the First Congregational Church. To-day General Booth was present at the ordinary services. At 2 p.m. he went out to the Kingston Penitentiary, where, at the request of the convicts themselves, he conducted an interesting service. He addressed them, urging them to repentance, and reminding them that when they were released the Salvation Army would assist them to live an honest life. In the evening the General addressed 3,000 persons on his social movement, Principal Grant occupying the chair. In forcible terms the General outlined the misery existing in the "submerged tenth," and laid down the principle that deliverance, not assistance, is what is aimed at. He protested against the classification of the poor as undesirable, saying that any man who wishes help before them should have it. In the evening the General spoke at another crowded meeting in the rink.—Toronto Globe.

Ligar Street.—A brother, who had grown cold, came out and recommended himself. More than jubilation when the Lord God reached a sinner's heart. "Free and easy" parade around the barracks, our dear joining in. A poor prodigal returned home at night.—Odele LOWRIE.

A NEW BIBLE?

No, of course, it is the good old Bible, but in new binding, and bound with it is the

REGULATION SONG BOOK.

Best leather binding, silk sewn, full page. Only 4 x 5 1/2 inches and one inch thick.

PRICE \$3.50.

INVALUABLE — FOR — OFFICERS.

OVERLAND AND SEA TO Germany

WITH MAJOR FRIEDRICH.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Editor, and respected Publisher, but I really could not find time to send you a few lines from the other side of the ocean about my adventures." With this excuse, allow me to commence without further introduction.

I mailed from New York on the Red Star Line "Pennland," 3,700 tons, one of those

Slow-but-Sure Boats.

The trip to Southampton took us eleven days; the weather being favorable, with the exception of a few fogs of not very long duration.

A splendid whale appreciated our sense of loneliness on board, and showed himself in different exercises, while dolphins and porpoises went through their several gymnastic feats for our enjoyment.



There is a characteristic attached to the ocean quite overwhelming in its magnitude. Looking over the vast expanse of rolling and surging billows, till they wash the border of the sky, brings to the soul a sense of intense humiliation. How small and powerless do we feel in the midst of this! Then we think of the boat which carries us, in whose tried captain we all believe, and a sense of defiance steals into our heart.

Is it not so in the spiritual experience of a Salvationist? Life, as it is in all its bitter realities, hurls its waves of difficulties, and Satan his wiles against our

back to frighten us, but when we remember that the Captain of our salvation is at the helm, we defy all other powers.

On Tuesday evening, we

Spied Land,

and all night saw the lighthouse along the



The Lighthouse, along the shore.

shore. But a lighthouse must be understood to be of use to the seaman, otherwise it may lure the boat into destruction instead of keeping it off the shoals and reefs. Steamers, in their darkness, often see these beacon rays, but because they do not pay diligent heed to their significance, they make shipwreck.

Wednesday morning the picturesque Needles came in view, and were to the eyes who had seen only sky and water for eleven days, a wonderful relief, which greatly enhanced their natural beauty. Shortly before noon, we landed at Southampton, and in less than ten minutes

The Passengers were Scattered

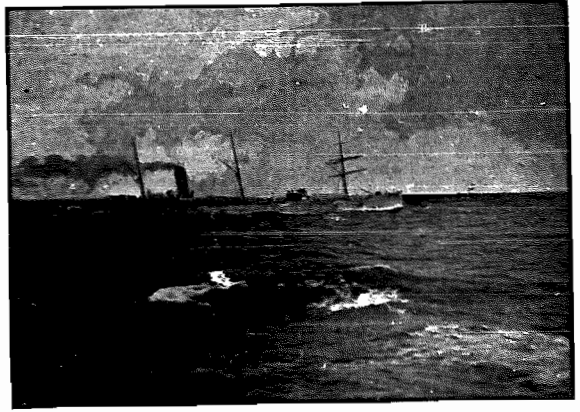
in all directions, carrying with them an impression of each one of us, which will unconsciously influence them in their contact with others. How we are linked up with each other! And should we not walk circumspectly, so that we may have indeed that influence for which we pray, but which

can be ours if we act it out in the knowledge of Almighty assistance.

The same night some of us crossed the German Ocean, and reached Antwerp early next morning. This old Hanna city, which not so very long ago was the centre of commerce for the European continent, and in population was only next to Paris, presents a lovely panorama to the traveller on board as the steamer is plying up the River Schelde. The harbor and docks are very extensive, and flags of all nationalities are flying in the floating forest of masts. What a medley of faces, colors of skin, and a real babel of languages! There are many visitors in the city just now on account of the International Exposition being held there. I was anxious to see whether I could see anything in the

Printing Machinery Line,

but the exhibit therein is very small. A splendid exhibit was a papermill complete in operation, the pulp being prepared at



COAL OIL STEAMER, MID OCEAN.

one end and the paper coming out cut in sheets at the other.]

Type-setting machines, I found but one, after a long, weary hunt. American manufacturers are conspicuous by their small representation; perhaps the gigantic Chicago affair took from them all appreciation of smaller concerns.

There are many old buildings and streets of historical and architectural interest in Antwerp. The Cathedral is of great fame, and contains grand treasures of wood-carving, among them the chancel cut of wood, and representing a tree with its branches and leaves spread over it. Divine services were being held while I visited it, and the beautiful singing of a hidden choir, mingling with the strains of the great organ, produced a most wonderful effect, but I am afraid with many of the worshippers, it was a matter of custom or of simple emotion, with little spiritual significance.

NEW BOOKS, PERIODICALS, ETC.

That enterprising litterateur, Major Marshall, has forwarded to our office the October number of the *Conqueror*. This periodical genuinely deserves praise. The paper used is of excellent quality, the type sharp and clean, and the mechanical work is done thoroughly well. In this number there are eighteen different papers, nearly all of which are illustrated in the very highest style.

"The whole round earth," gathers up the last important items of S. A. progress around the planet.

India, Jamaica, and Switzerland, have papers devoted to them. "A pagan renascence," is the Editor's own production, and bases an appeal for a higher consecration on the example of our Hindoo brethren.

There are many other interesting, edifying papers, and last, but not least, a sweet little song, set to just the style of music we need more of. Much of our music is too complex. The composition by Mr. Levi S. Gates is both charming and simple. We hope to produce it later on.

It is a cheap ten cents worth, and may be had from 111 Reade St., New York City, or of our Trade Secretary at Toronto. Annual subscription, one dollar.

The Australian monthly, *Full Salvation* for September, has reached us. It is a highly interesting number as usual, and has a colored plate at the front, with pictures of Commissioner Coombe, Staff-Captains Birkenshaw and Stephens, with an English rose and some Australian wattle-blossom, and the words, "Welcome home."

"Shall it be that the longings of our hearts horn of the Spirit will never be met? Lean souls answer, 'Never! Unbelief answers, 'Never.' All the legions of evil spirits break forth in a chorus of, 'Never! NEVER! NEVER!'

"Shall I give over my will to accord with lean souls, unbelief and devils while the blessed promise of God stands forth in lustre more glorious than ten thousand suns, and with a certainty as immovable as the foundations of heaven? He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire."

So asks Major Graham in that first-class September number of the Australian *FULL SALVATION* just to hand.

Brigadier Hammond, the new South African Field Secretary, gives the following testimony under a capital half-tone cut of himself: "The one purpose and ambition of my life has been, from the first moment of my conversion, to serve God and save sinners. To enable me to accomplish this desire, God has given me a place in the ranks of the Army." Very affectionately yours, - J. HAMMOND.

J. G.



CASTLE HOHENFELS, GERMANY.

THE GENERAL IN CANADA.

(Continued from page 5.)

A "Sun" Editorial

very neatly summed up the universal opinion next morning.

"Seldom does a public speaker obtain and keep such a hold on an audience as the General of the Salvation Army did on the immense gathering at the rink last night. General Booth has a rare faculty of interesting and impressing people. But his secret is rather in the matter than in the manner of his discourse. People differ on matters of theology and forms of worship, and some are not much concerned about either—creeds or rituals, but universal sympathy goes out to him who is trying with all his might to find homes for the homeless, to restore criminals to the paths of virtue, to succor the unfortunate, to befriended the penitent outcast, and to banish pauperism from the land. General Booth does not claim to know it all, or to be able to do it all. But he has thought the problems out after a lifetime of observation, and is carrying on his great and beneficent experiments in the eyes of all the world. General Booth is not only a preacher and a philanthropist, he is a statesman."

OFFICERS' COUNCILS.

Big Eyes and Open Mouths.

To the 100 officers of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick Provinces, these councils were the supreme events of the General's visit. For a pitying pitying of their general effect, I again appeal to the experience of our singing Colonel.

"Now, Colonel, what was the most striking feature of all?"

"The big eyes and the open mouths; the way they eat and listened."

"And the General's talk?"

"Was that of a father, while his appearance was that of a leader. Every sentence was of wisdom and affection."

"What will be the immediate effect upon these comrades?"

"Oh, a revolution. One of them said to me, 'We have had good men and blessed councils, but never one in sight of these. The Army will be a different thing to us from to-day.'"

"How did you finish?"

"With a magnificent wind-up. The crowd linked hands and sang together,

"I'll be true, Lord, to Thee,"

while

The Commandant and the General embraced.

After a final word from the latter, there was a march past, and every officer shook hands with the General.



Officers shaking hands with the General.

The Councils were held in the No. 1 barracks Monday morning and afternoon, and Tuesday morning, while the General gave a last word to the Staff of the Province at Mr. Bullock's residence. At night, while we were at Fredericton, Brigadier Jacobs met his officers in St. John at the barracks, and transacted important business.

Some of the expressions of delight and affection used by the officers, who had for the first time made the acquaintance of the man whom they had all along loved and revered, were both forcible and novel. "Just like his pictures." "All that I expected." "I can hardly take my eyes off him," while an old lady informed an Esquire, "You know, I have never been able to understand why you people loved and praised your General so much; indeed, it has been a conundrum to me, but since I have seen him and been to his meetings, I wonder you do not praise him a great deal more than you do."

St. John an Army Stronghold.

The Commandant's public statement in the Square in commendation of that portion of the great fighting Salvation Army, which is located in St. John, is well deserved, and the feeling of the town in consequence most friendly and appreciative. To illustrate this, going into a store to purchase a hall of straw with which to top up my "smillings" to you, Mr. Editor, the lady handed me a ten cent article. "But," said she, "you shall have it at cost price—nine cents. She had attended the great rink meeting the night before, and was astounded and captivated by the General's explanation of his scheme.

To commence with, the Army is represented by five corps; to equal which, with a population of only 40,000, the Old Country will try in vain. Three of the barracks are our own property. No. 1, which has just been purchased, renovated, and enlarged, is part of the Commandant's great Jubilee proposals. The large hall will seat 800, but with the ingenuity of a Japanese box it can be reduced to a medium-sized hall, and a smaller one still. The striking and pleasing exterior may be judged of by our snap-shot picture. The whole is lighted by electricity.

The Provincial Headquarters, situated here, is a special case. This is another of the Commandant's Fifty Jubilee Schemes. The building, I should think, comprises one of the best, if not the best, and largest Provincial Headquarters in the world. It has just been purchased at a tremendous bargain, and was formerly built by Judge Whitmore as his residence, at a cost of \$16,000. It stands in its own ground, overlooking an arm of the sea, and in addition to supplying Headquarters' offices, affords ample accommodation for the Engineer and Staff-Captain Howch, their families and domestics. (See frontispiece.)

The Rescue Home, an everywhere, is an almost universal center of approbation and sympathy. Mrs. Herbert Booth has taken an especial interest in this institution—an interest which Mrs. Brigadier Jacobs has shared and seconded. The work was started nearly four years ago, a little lower down the street than the present building, which has only been occupied since last May, and is much larger and more suitable. It will accommodate sixteen inmates and is nearly always full. A nursery has just been added and officers appointed for it this very week. Ensign Elbery is in charge of the whole. So successful has been the dealing with the fallen that an institution, working on independent lines, closed its doors and handed the girls over to our care. Situations have been readily found for the poor creatures whom God has honored the Army to rescue—in fact, the demand is greater than the supply. A number of children have been adopted.

Dressmaking and plain sewing provide employment in the Home.

Before long the Commandant hopes to add another blessing to this branch of Army activities in the shape of a Food and Shelter, for which a report always presents plenty of scope.

Last, but not least, there is a Training Garrison, where from six to twelve girl-Cadets are started in the way of a blessed soul-saving field career.

NEW PASTURES.

New Brunswick, like Nova Scotia, a Maritime Province, and is nearly as large as Scotland, or more extensive than Holland and Belgium combined. Yet its population hardly touches 350,000. The products are almost identical with those of Nova Scotia, lumber and fish taking the trade lead.

Immediately after the Staff gathering at the General's billet, on Tuesday afternoon, we started for the political capital—Fredericton. Though small, only 8,000, it is the prettiest city we have yet visited, affording along the banks of the St. John fine stretches of rich rural beauty. Two fine squares lead us up to the attractions. Handsome buildings, supplemented by a liberal planting of trees along the sidewalks, endow the streets with crested beauty.

One of the finest structures in the City Hall, with its fountain front, wide flight of steps, and imposing architecture. Here was our meeting place, and to it flocked a thousand or more Frederictonians, headed by Lieutenant-Governor Fraser himself.

Once a Sceptic.

"I was one of the sceptics," said His Worship, Mayor Beckwith, in introducing

the General, "but I am happy to acknowledge that since you started here you have done a large amount of good."

"Your officers have proved themselves gentlemen wherever they have gone. [A voice: "What about the women?"] I have myself seen them on a Sunday pick up a poor drunkard on the streets, and carry him home when, but for their help, he might have been looked up." (Applause.)

That this favorable official verdict which seemed to be acquiesced in by all, was tremendously strengthened by the eloquent effort of the General which followed, needs no further proof than the highly satisfactory tone adopted by those who voiced the thanks of the company.

The Lieutenant-Governor said:

"I came here to-night to listen, and I must say that I have not been disappointed in the least. On the contrary, I have had very great gratification indeed. I am free to admit that, in the past—perhaps not so much recently, but during the years in which the Salvation Army established itself here—I had prejudices. Those prejudices, General Booth has to-night largely removed. (Long applause.) What he has told us is something marvellous indeed. I thank him." (Applause.)

The Rev. Dr. McLeod never had any prejudices, but always believed the movement to be of God. It had been his method to bid God-speed to whatever organization put out its hand to lift the man who was down. (Cheers.)

Another very strong evidence of the regard in which the Army is held, was the adjournment of a trial, first from Tuesday to Wednesday, and then further postponed when it was known that the General did not leave the town till eleven o'clock in the morning. Some months ago two men, whom the Army had befriended, were suspected of having set fire to the barracks in a fit of spite. Anyway, nothing but bare walls were left after the flames had done their fiercest, and these had to be pulled down. It was these men who were to have been tried on the very day of the General's visit. However, in the erection of a splendid barracks on the old site, plans of which I was allowed to see—another of the Commandant's Jubilee proposals—will be carried out by the Army, under whose hospitable roof I found shelter of the *Fredericton Post*, turned by some a second War Cry (high testimony that, Courtesa Lipsett), as chief of the fire brigade, led the attack on the fire mentioned. Though this was unsuccessful, he is engaged now, and with the assurance of conquest, in putting out the fire of hell in men's hearts and homes. Fredericton, besides being garrisoned by Queen Victoria's troops, is the training-ground for a handsome detachment of the King of kings.

An Eastern climax of enthusiasm, cheer and conquest.

"LONGFELLOW."

(Snap-shot views, taken along the route by the Special Correspondent, will appear in next week's issue.)

POINTS.

"We are glad to believe that future generations will speak the name of Booth as they speak the names of Howard and Wilberforce as of 'one who loved his fellowmen.'"
—MAYOR BURNELL, of Yarmouth, in reception address to the General.

"We were different facies, but we have the same object in view."—REV. JOHN WOOL, Chairman *Anglican Union*, N. B. and N. E.

"We welcome a man."—CAPT. J. SCORRING, *Truro*, Y. M. C. A.

"There is probably no man, be he politician, general, or merchant of such world-wide fame to-day (as General Booth), or to whom so many look up with admiration and respect. The Salvation Army is an organization that picks a man up, puts him on his feet, and supports him till he is able to elbow his fellows again."—MAYOR TURNER, of *Truro*.

"Oh, if I could by my head upon my pillow before I die and know that there was nobody in that great London yonder—no criminal, no harlot, no hunger-stricken mortal—who wanted help but could have it."—THE GENERAL, in his address at *Truro*.

THE SALVATION ARMY

will make an organized effort to make peace throughout the sphere of its influence in

RECONCILIATION WEEK.

WITH THE GENERAL

(The Empire, Oct. 12.)

The Man of the Day—A Unique Personality—The Army Leader's Quest—The Genius of a General.

BY FAITH FENTON.

And when I came to see him, when I stood face to face with this man who has stirred the world to a deeper philosophy, I knew for the moment voices—belonging with a sense of my own littleness of knowledge compared with the wide and wonderful experience—the experience of age, of study, of devotion to a cause, which has marked the career of General Booth, the father of the Salvation Army.

Out in the hard market places of the world, where no motive is accounted pure, no purpose holy, men may glance across at his man's efforts and plans for the uplifting of submerged humanity, thinking to derive something from some scheme of personal aggrandizement. But apart from all self-interest, and viewed only as the outcome of the most wonderful organization of the age, General Booth stands forth as a unique personality and one of the remarkable men of the century's later years.

While in Montreal General Booth was a guest in one of those cosy little grey stone residences away out there, where, when I found him, he was waiting for my arrival, and this was my first view of him:

A tall, slender figure, replete with suggestion of nervous energy; a large head, distance of grey hair, long beard, prominent, and almost cast in a permanent expression of earnestness. His dress, a simple suit of uniform cut, red Jersey waist embroidered inscription.

The shaggy hair and beard, the wrinkled vest, the outstretched slippered feet, all suggested a general unobtrusiveness that has been the result of continued travel—of an Indian that, whatever the old man of genius is, he is not a poet. I stood for a moment looking down upon him as he sat in a easy chair, with crossed feet and a cane upon his knee, holding one or two books in his hand. With the first lifting of his glance to mine, I said, "He is like an old soldier of Carlisle, but really I am sure that the eyes were kinder, the mouth more humorous and less grim than the Chalmers could have owned."

Nevertheless, I held, and still hold, the fancy that he is Carlisle in power—Carlisle might have been, "by the grace of God," so probably our Army friends would agree.

So tall, so thin, so keenly alert, with its long whitening hair, the very large nose, the long, shaggy beard, the thin-lipped mouth, the resolute hand, and the keen, hard eye searching from beneath bushy black brows for a fanatic in each and every crowd.

But in this instance the search would be vain. Shrewd, keen, straight-forward, practical, with a wonderful capacity for digging out the outer huskings of any man's soul, reaching at once to the kernel, a sense of humor, General Booth impresses one as a wholly unselfish and practical man, whose chief characteristic, outside of his gifts of organization, is hatred of shame.

"I will not stay many minutes, General. I understand that you have been much interviewed this morning," I said.

"'Tis all in the day's work," he answered, reaching out his hand. "There are two things I always say to newspaper people; the first is: Ask what questions you choose; the second, report me fairly and honestly. I suppose you let me interview you for a change?"

I laughed, and declared my willingness, saying that I didn't come for an interview, but just to meet him, "because I have not so many of your family," I avowed, lamely.

And then I spoke of Marshall Ballantine Booth and his pretty little wife who is so great a favorite with the General. He said, "I always say to newspaper people; the first is: Ask what questions you choose; the second, report me fairly and honestly. I suppose you let me interview you for a change?"

The General listened quietly as a child would. "Yes," he said, "I have daughters to be proud of. One of them is an artist, and the others are all strong and healthy. They are in the Army corps. They are kindly and cheerful, and have such a mother."

His voice softened a little, and then he

spoke a few brief, tender words of this mainly woman, whose life I have come to regard with reverence, not from any personal knowledge or recollection of the attitude and love with which her husband and children speak of her. Some daughters, daughters-in-law; and now he who knew her best of all; I have heard the loving testimony, spoken with a break of the voice, concerning the woman of God, to her father and children alike attributes their impulse and perseverance along the difficult Army way.

"General Booth," I said presently, "in this darkest England scheme—"

"Ah, now you are beginning the interview," he said, straightening himself up. "No, this is only an informal talk," I said. "I haven't a note book. But even if your scheme proves most successful, do you expect to make any serious impression on that awful mass of misery that your book describes as existent in London?"

"No," he said, "I only hope to show, by my own illustration, 'the way out,'" he answered. "I am only trying to build the railway that will carry the people from Darkest England to a country where they may see light. They will not all be persuaded to make use of it in my time; they will only have a taste. But if the railway is built, and 'the way out' is made clear, that surely is the first step accomplished in the solution of this awful social problem."

"Out here in Canada it is hard to realize the difficulty," I said. "We have so much money."

"This is it. There is plenty of money in my country; but 'the way out' means something more than the mere relief from hunger and cold. It means the way out of pauperism, crime, enforced idleness and hatred and spiteful 'the way in' to honest self-support and self-respect."

"Yes, we have room in the colonies for all of Darkest England; but so rarely we do not want criminals as settlers," I said.

"Of course not," assented the General. "But criminals are not the worst of the social evils. There are some splendid men among criminals. Leaders—the men who will or cannot work—are by far the most difficult class to deal with. Besides supplying the work, we must put the men in such conditions and environments that they are able and willing to do it. I have observed, restrained men as well as a workman."

The Army leader was started on the subject nearest his heart, and leaning forward, with hands on his knees, his shaggy, lion-like head shaking in emphasis, he talked freely and at length.

"What country affords the biggest field for the Salvation Army, General?"

"I think India presents the biggest field," he answered thoughtfully.

"Then you do not believe that Buddhism is nearer than the Christian faith?"

"No," emphatically.

"Nor that a belief in theosophy will suffice for salvation?"

"No," more emphatically.

"General Booth, will you tell me what you do believe in?"

"I believe in God, the Father, and in Jesus Christ, His Son; I believe in the forgiveness of sin, the resurrection of the dead and the life everlasting."

His words were nearly those of the beautiful Apostle's creed, and quieted his hearer for a moment.

"A real, personal Christ, General?"

"A real, personal, divine Christ," he said.

"And a real resurrection, a real heaven—no mere beautiful abstract terms?" I asked.

"A real resurrection and a real heaven," he repeated simply. "Oh, I know all about it. I have had Humanitarians, Trinitarians, Unitarians come to me saying beautiful abstract things, converting fine mystical beliefs. I say, 'Friends, the simple Bible faith—the faith that saves—is enough for me.' Much harm is done by certain fine religious writings of to-day. Dr. Drummond's Assent of Man, for instance—"

"I haven't read it yet," I said.

"Don't read it yet," answered the General, wisely. "It is like a fine exotic, beautiful but unhealthy. Keep within the simple Bible faith. It is enough."

"I suppose it is better. There is much a wide, wide outside," I said slowly.

"There is such a wide, wide inside," he replied. "For you, you call the inside—the simple, childlike Bible faith—experience with your growth in grace until it reaches far beyond these vague religious fancies. I haven't the time in this world of perishing souls and bodies to take up these matter beliefs. When they may have accomplished has been met by my own simple power, but by simple belief in God—in the God of the Bible."

General Booth doesn't believe much in morality—or rather he is unwilling to shift the responsibility from the sinner to the sinner's father.

"By heredity," he said. "I am an egotist. My father spent the earlier years of his life in making a fortune, and the later years in losing it. I inherited the tendency to acquire worldly possessions; but by training and by

the grace of God, which came to me in my youth, the tendency learned to the winning and saving of souls—a nobler form of acquisition."

"No," I think we lay too much stress upon heredity. I have sat at tables with fine patriarchal fathers and mothers, grown such by their own honest labors, whose sons and daughters, with all the advantages of college education, have yet of us wherever."

He is also expressing a Socialism that demands an equal division of property.

"What nonsense it is," he said, shaking his grey locks and looking out at me from beneath those heavy brows. "We are bound, in as far as we can, to make our fellow creatures happy; but happiness does not come in an equal division of possessions. It is a chance to earn the maximum of life. You may need more than one, and less than another. I may require something that you do not need at all. We have only a right to do what we can to place our fellowmen in a condition to be saved, and salvation is almost impossible when a man is in extreme physical misery. He is like a drowning man; rescue him first, then him, then him, then say, 'The way out.'"

"The much we should do, but it is a different thing from sharing equally with him all our possessions. That is nonsense."

In relating a Russian incident, General Booth stated that the Czar refused to admit the Salvation Army into Russia.

"We have a friend at the Russian court," he said, "who is one of us in all save the uniform, and who has appealed often for our assistance. The Czar listens to her accounts of our work in other lands very good-naturedly."

His only comment then for has been: "The Salvation work, but don't forget the poor." Nevertheless, we shall find an opening some day."

The "few moments" of my first intention had prolonged themselves for beyond the half hour, when I suddenly remembered how I was trespassing upon another's resting time, and rushed to take leave. The General rose and from his tall height looked down with keen, kindly glance into my face.

"And how is it with you?" he queried.

The question dropped unheeded into silence, while without the window the chill wind whistled over the blue sky, and the tall tree dropped its frost-touched leaves in little gusts overhead.

"They shall be called the CHILDREN OF GOD."

Who? PEACEMAKERS! Where? Anywhere, but more particular opportunities afforded in

RECONCILIATION WEEK

TORONTO TEMPLE.

Thirty-one people at the Temple here-filled on Friday, October 24th, praying for souls to be saved.

The Temple band had three times for open-air; sharp on time; all of the bandmen present; never heard them play better; no time wasted between times; they play for God.

The people at the Queen's Hotel give \$4.16 in the open-air collection.

Mrs. Major Complin enthusiastically welcomed by officers, soldiers, and friends, who pray she may be mightily blessed by God.

Major Complin takes the place by storm with his own band, a few lines were written out in an interesting style and sent to the papers. (Reader, look out for them, especially the two, "We, he, he, we're going to wear a crown," and "Where did you get that cap?")

Two souls at the patient-form in the afternoon.

A row of fourteen recruits, who have been converted the past two weeks, stand up and give testimony.

I heard that a convert of six weeks sold seventy-two copies of last week's WAR CRY.

The Captain and wife, Lieutenant, and Cadet, are determined to get sinners into the fortnight.

Ensign gave a straight, striking testimony to God's power to keep.

Ensign Phillips, Turner, Turner and wife, Captain Griffiths, Soper, Graham, all workers hard to do more.

Adj. Manton likes the Temple. Of course he is a soldier there, and the Temple likes the Adjutant.

The collections for the day were \$26.81. We all hope that Major and Mrs. Complin may be soon with us to do another Sunday—"DOLLAR" for Capt. SAVAGE.

Work Wanted.—Will any employers of labor who can give employment to men steady, industrious, honest, mechanical, apply to Brigadier Dr. Barrie at once, corner of Leppington and Oyster streets.

West Ontario Jottings.

BRIGADIER MARGRETT.

When every bone in a man's body is in competition to see which can ache the most, and his head is dizzy, and try how he will, he cannot think consecutively, when all night he is either undergoing the painful experience of being burned to death, drowned, devoured by some wild beast, or in some ghastly and unexpressible state somewhere near death, but trying to live and do some fighting in the Salvation Army, something is sure to be wrong with the man, either in body or soul, or both.

Being thoroughly roused, as before God, that the soul was O.K., with the view of putting the body right I went to Goderich to join Mrs. Margrette, who had already been there some days, taking in the invigorating fresh breeze. She had been there for some time, and I was very quiet and contented with talking to the Master, conversing with Mrs. Margrette and dear old Mother Smith, and playing with the children between times, putting in very comfortably twelve hours per day. I had time to look over some papers in the evening. That, however, was not, and Saturday and Sunday we all piled in together and did our best to bless each other in the name of the Lord and to get souls saved. One sinners volunteered for salvation.

After Seaforth we thought we could not better complete our rest than by getting to the end of the Clinton war horse and driving to the following corps. Mrs. Margrette, myself, and "Willie," most the cheerful kindly prepared by Ensign Malby and his Lieutenant, and take our first fourteen miles drive to Brumby. The sun shines brightly. Air, delightful. At Brumby, Capt. Rowe takes charge of the war horse. Mrs. Rowe welcomes us to prepare dinner.

It did seem comical that Capt. Rowe could go to the river, and himself safely across the river which runs through Brumby, but that on the return journey, just as the Captain was in the centre of the bridge it broke in, and judge the consequence.

The corps had just held his R. F. and had passed its target. Barre was well decorated. (See page 10, right) Ensign James, Capt. Rutledge took part.

Wingham next: distance, eighteen miles. Had some interesting times here. Mrs. Margrette remained at Wingham over Sunday, while I went on to Clinton. Some heavy fighting was done at both places.

"We have eight recruits to be enrolled tonight," was the welcome information Capt. Cromer gave us soon after we arrived at Bayfield next day. Although small, Bayfield is a fine field.

Mrs. Margrette did a special thing at Goderich on Tuesday night, which appears to have been much appreciated.

Had a good time following night at Clinton. Ensign Malby and the officers from Bayfield and Goderich came to our assistance.

Soul-saving! Is there anything like it? Night under the sun. Winter is upon us. Now we are up to the power of sin. Several places are being broken. Oh, for more praying people, who will wrestle until the victory is won!

I often wonder why our people don't alert themselves of the Free press. As a rule no people could be more considerate and courteous than those who represent the Canadian Press; they are ever ready to do the Army a good turn. I know an officer who almost always has a few lines written out in an interesting style and sent to the papers. This serves two good purposes, viz: The people get the news of the Army wherever the paper appears—a boon to the people and paper, too. Second, the Army gets the sympathy and help of the people thus informed. There is one commendation to me about said officer—why is it that the War Cry, a weekly paper, is not included in the weekly supply of contributions.

The father-in-law of Ensign Oan has gone over Jordan's river. Kindly remember them and their bereaved friends when you pray, not forgetting Capt. Stayers, who is down sick with fever.

Ensign and Mrs. Clark, as also Ensign and Mrs. Fraser, are on a brief rest. Captain Baker, of London, is transferred to the local work, and will be busy in the coal and wood business in connection with that glorious institution. Staff-Captain and Mrs. Collier, too, are having a few days quiet at the home of their childhood.

Rather an extensive farewell takes place in West Ontario Province on the 21st inst.

Mrs. Margrette's health has considerably improved by her few days' rest and change at Goderich. Thank God! She proposes to visit all the corps she can. She has done London, Goderich, Wingham, Bayfield, and Clinton, and is down for St. Thomas, Theford, and Parkhill.

Naval Brigade.—At officers' quarters, eight happy months going at once. Oh, how they have enjoyed their summer! Staff-captain, taking into consideration the Methodist were holding their Harvest Festival. One brother said a friend had said to him that in uniform he looked like a pig in harness; to which he replied he had lived like a pig once in the gutter of Fifth, and had to despair, but God had been merciful and picked him up.

CAMPBELLFORD. Had a nice drive up, and passed through some fine country. The sisters on the platform were many, and pitched in and helped with their voices, and ten stringed instruments. Capt. Bearell played his guitar and some of the songs. Staff-Captain called on Rev. Mr. Curtis, the Methodist minister of Campbellford, who expressed his pleasure at being present, and his knowledge of the cleansing Blood and the Fire that purifies our lives. A cartoon once he saw, of a wizard, who was telling a fond father who was holding a bright, pure boy by the hand, how by passing his wand over him, he could change him into all that was vile, and asked for the father's consent, and gaining it, by passing his wand over him and repeating some mystic words, he immediately changed. When the father gazed on his son and saw the pitiable condition of him, he said to the wizard, "Change him back," but the answer came back, "I can't." This representing how many aid and give consent to the selling of their souls and their own flesh and blood ruined. He prayed God would bless the Army to the uttermost parts of the earth. Three souls were liberated.

WARKWORTH had a pretty good time and fair crowd in the Town Hall.

Left for BATHURST, thirty miles to drive; country very nice. The team walks nearly all the way. 2:30 A.M. when we drove to quarters. Lieut. Aguirre gave us a warm welcome. Everyone seemed glad on sleeping at the rate of eighteen knots an hour to make up for lost time. Our boys went in next for a wash and change of clothes, as they came odds and ends; such a wash-line, full; but the ironing took the cake. Brother Rose came in for this part of the show, assisted by one of the sergeants of the corps. March to the Town Hall, where we held our meeting. Sharp morning cold. Three held up their hands. Then the battle raged on. One sister yielded, then some red-hot reward, and after two hours' solid fighting, God rewarded our faith and labor by setting free seven precious souls. Standing them in a row, Staff had them sing.

"Just as I am without one plea."

Was it good? It was a foretaste of heaven. There were, a distance of ten miles. A dear brother, who is a big box, took me to see one, then another. A little while after this, at the lower end of the hall, another poor sinner was seeking forgiveness. Had the joy of seeing six set free.—Cadet TURNER.

Board the "Arma" and steam down to Bellville; morning foggy. At 8:30 passed into dock and marched to barracks. Good crowd. Collection, \$4.10. March at seven; large crowd; barracks nicely filled; the Holy Spirit speaking; two sisters volunteered out, and six held up their hands to be prayed for. Sunday morning prayer meeting, our souls blessed. 10:30. Staff-Captain Oan read to us. Lieut. LaCocq said he sailed nine years in Her Majesty's navy, but now he is under the orders of the great King, and sails with living colors a conqueror. Inside meeting at 7:30, our crowds increasing; our hall full of souls. Joyous song. Rousing prayer meeting. Sinners.

Monday, down to the dock and board the "Arma" for Deseronto. Real good crowd. One sister ventured out.

Left for Nanapan. I heard one good old Methodist lady say it was a splendid way of visiting our meetings. At night, Capt. Churchill sang.

"A mother's prayer," and Ensign MacGillivray, from Kingston, gave us his testimony, and pleaded with the sinners. Then the Staff took the ring and went in and did some heavy shooting. Three souls. Weather wet. Souls are bright and happy.

On the road to Kingston, stopped at Bro. Gorrie's to supper and rest. Kingston at three o'clock. Real good meeting inside; one soul. Open air on market place in spite of the rain. Staff-Captain spoke; many wounded souls left; one sister sought God.

General Oan, two o'clock, and passed up the town. A good open-air.—Cadet TURNER.

NOW, ISN'T THIS CHEERY? [Ed.]

54 DUNDAS STREET, TORONTO, OCTOBER 9, '94.

DEAR MAJOR.—Enclosed please find WAR CRY report, and a brief article for the Young Soldier, by one of the Cadets, and a song from your humble servant. God bless you.

You will be glad to know we have "sold out" the last week's WAR CRY, and pray that these ever you may be made instrumental in making the WAR CRY "tip top" in every respect.

With salvation love to Mrs. Complin, believe me, yours and God's in happy service, F. FRITH.

CEYLON.

(Continued.)

I mustn't forget to tell you about a little prayer-meeting we had in a planter's bungalow, near the foot of Adam's Peak, the highest mountain in Ceylon. It had rained heavily all day, and there seemed little hope of us getting to "Midlothian," but our ever kind host came to our rescue by producing three pairs of cavalry boots, which suited our purposes as well as the seven league boots of the nursery tale. Booted and coated (if you had seen one of the three you'd have said he was very much booter) we set off over the hills, through the hills, through the bushes, across two

ways they have, and never seemed to lose it. Simple and fervent, our host, the son of a distinguished officer in the British Army, high church, but saved a few years ago while in the midst of a career of wickedness and sin, prayed for God to make him, and all the saved planters in his district, a mighty blessing and power for good. I said "amen" with all my soul, and believed. He would, as He always meets and uses willing hearts and minds. Another young planter thanked God for his brother's conversion in a remarkable way, and of course the Major and I prayed for God's blessing on our planter-friends, that He would make them a blessing to the natives by their Godly lives and influence. Major turned to the only one left who had not prayed, and he coolly told him that he thought enough had been said and there was no use of him praying, but the Major got him to

Mumble Something

which I did not hear. However, if God heard it, it was all right. He was the only one amongst us that



"DEVIL-DANCERS"

little rivers to the bungalow of an old Scotch planter where we were to dine and pray. Some people go out to dine and dance or sing, but we went out to dine and pray. After dinner the old gentleman showed us his curiosities from China, where he had spent a short time visiting his misanthropic daughter. He had some interesting missionary "yarns" to tell us about the great heathen Empire of China and its philosophical inhabitants, but some one started humming.

"The sands of time are sinking,
The dawn of heaven breaks."

"Oh, yes, let's sing that," exclaimed the old gentleman, so we sang it right through, and had chapters spiced out of Psalms, Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, Corinthians, Luke and John. Then we all knelt down to pray. The old Scotch Presbyterian, self-made, and rich, had yet

Retained His Simple Faith
through all three years in that peculiar

would talk by the hour about foot-hill, cricket, or the next dance that was to come off, crops, politics, or anything under heaven, but when asked to pray, or even thank God for their daily bread, their tongues got stuck to their mouth. They are paralyzed at the unseen and eternal, and are speechless in the presence of the Almighty God.

On rising, he wanted to know why we used the expression "Lord," so often. The Major explained that, and a great many other things, to him which I didn't hear as I was listening to the story of the young planter's brother, who, after years of wandering in India and Burma, drifted down to Australia, caught the gold fever very badly, and set off to Western Australia, where, alone in the bush, he discovered a prayer-book amongst his clothes, and having nothing else to do, he read it and became soundly converted to God. Truly "God moves in a mysterious way."

DEVA SINGHA.

got a wheelbarrow and went around the town canvassing from store to store. In the morning at 5 o'clock Lieutenant and I started for an eighteen-mile tramp. On Monday we reached our famous town of Puttalam to impart some spiritual blessing to God's chosen flock. This is a most picturesque little town of about 3000 inhabitants. Its majority is French, Roma Catholic. Captain Lewis and Lieutenant POLLARD.

Montreal.—A red letter time. Our dear General with us; mighty revival. Officers and soldiers of the Montreal District have got a great lift. I can say for the citizens, ministers, and students of Montreal that the General has been a great blessing to all. Some twenty souls.

HEXTERINGDON is a proper place for the Salvation Army, but the soldiers are few. Capt. Maidment is having a good time and a few souls.

MONTREAL II. Change of officers. Capt. and Mrs. McFarlane gone to the Sherbrook District.

At No. 1 we are in for a fight. A good number of our soldiers have been stirred up while our dear General has been here. I must say for Mrs. McLean and myself that we never felt more like going ahead for God.

We are also training our little boy to follow.—Ensign MACLEAY.

Chatham District.—Twelve souls, and six for a clean heart. Exciting times. H. F. W. A fine pig was donated by Sister Lygon. We had great loads of fruit, etc., but the great trouble was this being plentiful in this part of the country. We did not do so badly, \$129 99 for the district, being \$10 50 above last year. Capt. Brant tells me that when out collecting one day he left a box of eggs in a farmer's lane while he went to the house to collect for H. F. When he returned he found a hen setting on the box and he declares she laid an egg.

500 three-inch tiles have been donated for H. at Highgate. One soul.

Blenheim for Monday and Tuesday. All the officers of district in; had a proper, lovely time.

Jon Savage reports one soul saved while visiting this hospital.

Have you tried the Army too yet. We sold sixteen pounds in one meeting last week. One woman declares she doesn't like the Army, but she does like the S. A. tea.—Ensign G. MILLER.

Paris.—Sunday, a day of blessing. Shouting Christy, from Brantford, led the afternoon testimony meeting. Lots of life and go. Charley gave part of his experience. His conversion, Wesley, sang. Capt. Deane and Lieut. Pett were with us. Lieut. Pett sang some of his favorite solos.—W. McLAUGHLIN, S. C.

Port Arthur.—God is helping some to take their stand for the right. Our poor brother came out for salvation, and on being asked to pray for himself, he said, "I never said a prayer in my life," but he started off with, "Lord, I thank you for all you have done for me. Bless my family in general, and let my two sons become great warriors." His wife is a soldier.—Lieut. DEXTER.

Morrisburg.—While Lieutenant and I were selling War Chrys, we were accosted by a gentleman thus: "Have any of your friends died lately?"

Puzzled as to what he meant, we answered, "No; why?"

"Oh, your appearance this morning brought that thought to my mind," he said.

Lieutenant, glancing at the dark skirt I happened to be wearing, replied: "He has reference to your uniform, I guess."

Lesson taught.—Always wear the Army suit of blue, and a smile.

Good meetings.—ETTYE WHITTAKER.

Wild Blight.—Real good times here this last winter and summer. Capt. Gooby used to visit us last winter, and Ensign Gooby, and though we had to have meetings in the houses we had some wonderful times; heaven and earth seemed to come together. Five converts, one night; upon the chairs and stools, but the stove held its ground. Some are so well saved that they say we shall never hear the last of it. This summer we are a little better off; a friend lent us the back kitchen of their house. The first night that we had a meeting there one woman over thirty years old, who never was saved before, got deliverance, and one of our comrades that the devil had had some time locked up in Doubting Castle, found the key and got out. I found it difficult to hold the reins, she was going at that rate. We have also had this summer, too, "sit down to the 'Glad Tidings.'" Once our D. O. Gooby was on board, with Capt. Gosling and Oswald Hiscock, and our healthy looking Captain Snow. The house seemed full of glory. We hope to have a barracks yet.—Sergt. YOUNG.

Welland.—Captain and Mrs. Florence arrived a day sooner than expected. It started to rain fast just before their arrival. This had been the kind of weather they had been travelling in for nearly a week. They have met with some peculiar experiences since leaving Toronto at night. At Oakville they got there just as a new bridge had been opened and christened in the name of Lord Aberdeen. Dad and Mother were the first to go over with a rig after the opening. Mother shouted out they went over in the name of God, the General, and the Salvation Army. She said, "If General Booth and our statistics got here they would not have gone over that bridge." This tickled the crowd, and caused a good laugh.

Since leaving Toronto they have had twenty meetings, inside and out; have prayed in seventy-five different houses, three times in barns with men at work; and at stations in store; also four times in different fields; once by road-side; twice in waggon. Seen two souls converted at Hamilton, one in St. Catharines, and one in farm house.

We had a good holiness meeting on Friday night; good meeting on Saturday night, and on Sunday, at Hamilton, where the General and Ensign, which was appreciated by everybody, as shown by collection. At night also her experience in the States was enjoyed by the audience.—Capt. MOUNTAIN.

Brackley Point Road.—Our General has really visited our little island. One cannot explain the feeling of deep reverence, blended with holy memories of blessings, received through reading our beloved leader's works, which have hooded our heart and mind, as we caught the first glimpse of that venerable form. Truly, God is good in giving us such a General. Only those who hear for themselves can form any idea of the pathos and tenderness, the power and skill with which he pleaded the cause of those who are down. Must they live in despair, die, and be eternally damned because they have strayed? And bringing us up, up to the Great White Throne, facing us, until the light of the countenance of an awful, yet loving God, streams into our souls, he says, "Dare any soul here any 'Reward me according to my good deeds, give me what I deserve?"

I am no prophet, neither the daughter of a prophet, yet faith in an Almighty Father's Spirit shows me many ripe, golden sheaves, as a result of our dear General's sowing.

Planters and respers, throughout the whole island, strong, hard, uplifted, inspired; much ground has been won up, much conscience removed, living seed buried deep in honest hearts, and much, only the eye which searcheth all hearts can yet see, remains as a result of a ten-hour visit of General Booth to Prince Edward Island's capital—Charlottetown.—LILLIE I. BAYNOR.

Solkirk.—Victory in Solkirk. New officers taking hold well. Two souls during past week.—I. L. H.

Carlton.—We are looking for a wonderful fire to spread; the fire of the Holy Ghost must come.—Capt. CURRY.

Carlton, N. B.—Sunday's meeting times of power. Men, who wandered away from God, called for pardon.—Capt. CURRY.

Orillia.—Good crowds. Grand open-air on Saturday night, and wonderful times all day Sunday. Four precious souls.—Candidate WESTON.

West Hill.—Seven souls. Crowds are increasing. Sunday night meeting very impressive. One sister gave herself to God.—Secretary LOMBER.

Brantford.—In two weeks, twenty sinners seeking salvation. Big crowds, and interest rising all round. Converts and soldiers going in for the fire.—Capt. S. WIGGINS.

Calgary.—Just taken camp, and feel that this is one of the places for the S. A. Band of soldiers that will be led on to conquer. Two backsliders have returned.—Captain ENTH.

Wingham.—Open-air meetings times of power, the people manifesting much sympathy and practical support. Good collection, and a few ancient and modern eggs, by way of change.—Geo. MASON, S. C.

Bayfield.—Brigadier and Mrs. Margette spent a night with us; good crowd and God's presence; eight enrolled beneath the cross; others felt they should have been. A few more souls saved, and everybody happy.—Capt. CHAMBER.

Summerside.—We see so many going down to hell, we pray that they may realize their lost condition. Capt. Penney and Lieut. McCann have farewells, and we have Capt. Young and Lieut. Hunt. The Lord bless them.—JANNIE BOYLER.

Napanea.—Souls saved. A brother knelt by the drum in the open-air and got saved. At Napanea Mills six souls came forward last Monday. Visit from the Naval Brigade. Good time in the open-air and inside meeting. Three came out.—Capt. HOLMAN.

Campbellford.—Just received farewell letters. God has wonderfully blessed us. The Naval Brigade paid us a visit; three souls saved. Our meetings with H. F. have been blessed and owned by God in backsliders coming.—Lieut. FRIDMANS for Capt. WALKER.

Clyton, B. C.—We love you; (moral, and we love the Army, and above all, we love our God with all our hearts. My precious comrades and I intend to do all we can to bring you sinners on their knees. One sister said she believed she was sanctified.—JOHN RUTLEY.

Calgary.—Our term has expired at Calgary. We have learned to love its people very much. One of us goes to Morden, the other to Moosejaw. We leave the soldiers of Calgary praying that God's blessing shall ever rest upon them.—Capt. M. COWAN and Lieut. E. KEMP.

Port Perry.—Thank God for the little we do see, when we think of the value of one soul. Our hearts did vibrate the last day of September to see one young man at the penitential form. Yesterday he was on the S. A. platform telling what God had done for him.—Lieut. LOTT for Capt. TAYLOR.

The musical five have been playing and praying at the Falls. Capt. and Mrs. Florence appeared on the scene. Mother beat the record. Good turnout. One soul. The officers at the Falls have gone on rest. Capt. Montague has the roof of the barracks shingled. He is working alone.—Ensign ANKETT.

Shelburne.—Please, dear WAR CRY, this is the first time the writer has ever dropped you a line. Things are improving. Officers and marchers getting better, more than doubled last Sunday. A hallooing banquet on the first time, also Brother Clarke with his chorists, with the Captain's consent. Two souls.—SKIFFER.

No. III. St. John.—Harvest Festival was a success, financially as well as spiritually. Grand meeting on Monday night. Open-air camp united at No. III, led by Staff-Captain Howell, assisted by the different officers, after which we had an auction sale. Sold all the produce and fancy wares donated to the cause. We have raised about \$50.—Sergt. Major MURRAY.

Yorkville.—Hard fighting and tough battles. Sunday, went on the strongholds of us. Fortified at knee-height. Open-air in the afternoon was a success. While marching through the different streets we would sometimes call a halt and altogether announce the meetings and give everybody an invitation. At night, after a long, hard, tough pull, we drew in the net with one soul.—Lieutenant ROSE.

Midland.—The Harvest Festival is past. Brother Barr and Sister Baker became so interested in the proceedings they actually

